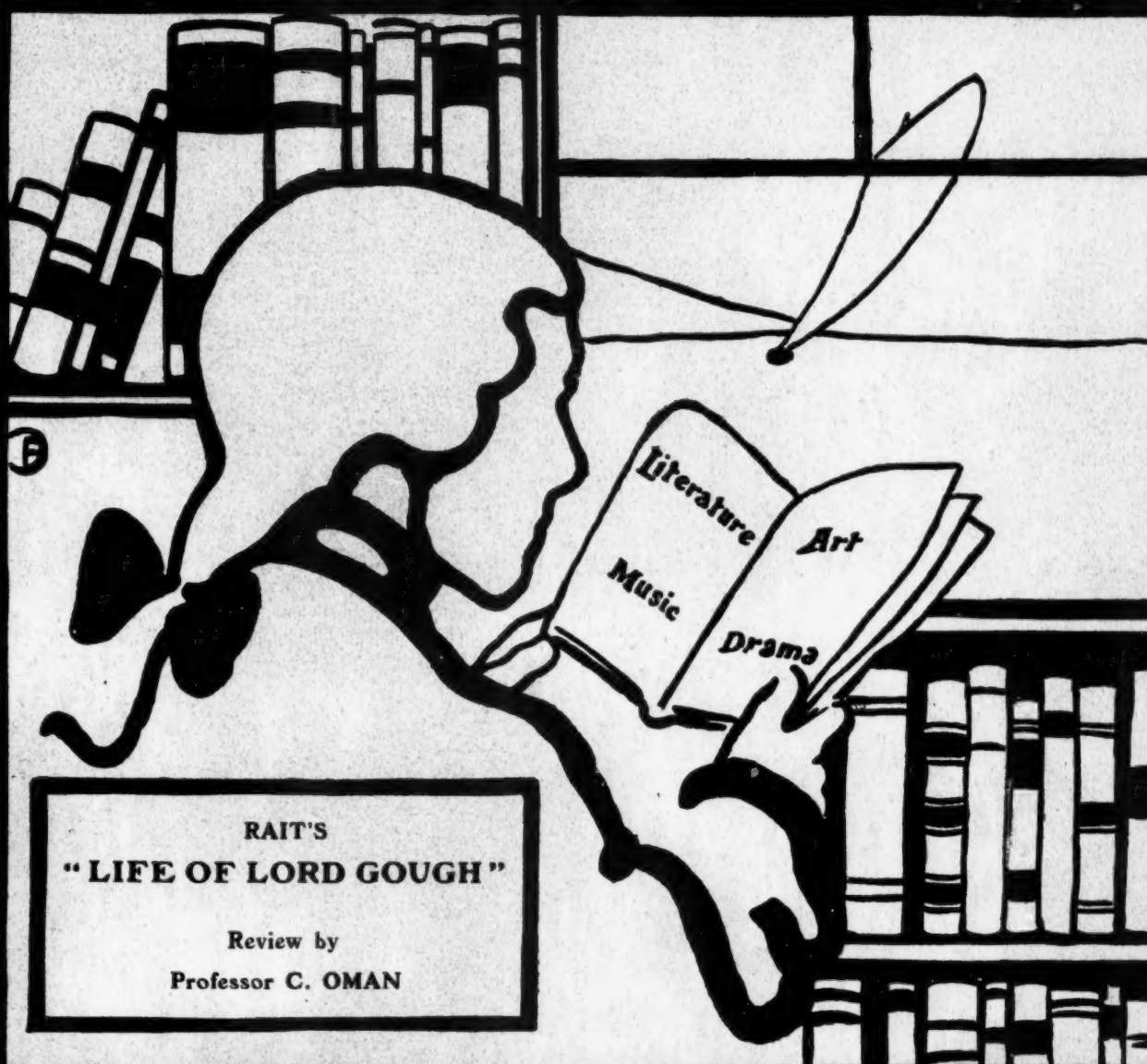


THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, November 21, 1903

"ON THE BEST REASONS." by JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

# The Academy and Literature

Edited by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE



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"LIFE OF LORD GOUGH"

Review by  
Professor C. OMAN

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lectures should prove of very considerable interest. Five o'clock is a fairly convenient hour, and one wonders why it is not more generally chosen by lecturers who appeal to an audience whose evenings are usually engaged.

MESSRS. LETTS'S Diaries Company have issued their diaries for next year, in all shapes and sizes, suited for all sorts and conditions of men and women; excellent as ever.

MR. A. H. BULLEN has in preparation what should prove an interesting and amusing anthology—"Songs of the Vine, with a Medley for Maltworms," a collection of drinking songs and poems from Mapes to Henley, edited by Mr. W. G. Hutchinson.

MR. JOHN LONG is publishing the late Mr. J. MacLaren Cobban's novel "The Iron Hand," which has already seen the light as a serial. The same publisher has also another story for publication by the same hand.

"THE OXFORD POINT OF VIEW" (Quarterly) completes with its November issue its second volume and thoroughly deserves the success it has achieved. In the present number are two literary papers of interest: on William Davenant, of somewhat unsavoury memory, and on Jane Austen.

MESSRS. CASSELL will shortly issue Mr. Michael MacDonagh's "The Life of Daniel O'Connell." The writer has had access to various sources of information hitherto unused. Much has been written of the champion of Catholic emancipation, but there still remains ample room for a discriminating biography, and it is not too much to hope that Mr. MacDonagh's work will fill the void.

"ANIMAL EDUCATION" (University of Chicago Press), by Mr. John B. Watson, offers a contribution to our knowledge of the mental life of animals. During the past few years much attention has been given to this subject, and it is generally recognised as one of the most interesting branches of contemporary psychology. The present work makes a study of the growth of the mental life of the white rat, the growth of its central nervous system and the correlation between the increasing complexity of its mental life and the increasing complexity of its nervous system. With these problems in mind, exhaustive experiments were undertaken whose results determined the age of psychical maturity and also the relative ease of young and old in solving problems of activity and muscular control.

"ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE" is the title of the next volume in Messrs. Methuen's Junior School Books series. The portion dealing with Physics has been prepared by Mr. W. T. Clough, A.R.C.S., while the Chemistry has been written by Mr. A. E. Dunstan, B.Sc. The volume contains numerous diagrams. New editions of "Rejected Addresses," by Horace and James Smith, and "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover, will be published almost at once. The first of these will appear in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," and will be enriched by notes and an introduction from the pen of Mr. A. D. Godley, M.A., while the latter is a volume of the "Illustrated Pocket Library," and contains reproductions of the original engravings.

A MOURNFUL interest attaches to a volume which Mr. George Allen will issue during the course of the next few days. This is one of the last productions of the late Mrs. E. T. Cook. The work is to be entitled "A Woman's

Note-Book." It will contain an essay on "Modern Girlhood," and some other sketches, and I rather fancy that Mrs. Cook's own intention was to name the entire collection after this sketch.

MR. NEWMAN HOWARD, the author of that much-noticed work "Kiartan the Iclander," has a new poem in the press. Messrs. Dent are the publishers and they propose to issue the volume next spring. "Savonarola: a City's Tragedy," is the full title of Mr. Howard's new production. It is written in the form of a play (blank verse) and contains a preliminary "argument." The play is divided into five acts, of which Acts I. and II. are set in Ferrara and Pisa respectively, and the last three in Florence.

MESSRS. PUTNAM are to issue in December a special reprint of the writings of Alexander Hamilton. The edition will be strictly limited to one hundred signed and numbered "sets" of twelve volumes. The reprint is being edited, with notes and introduction, by Henry Cabot Lodge. Each volume contains as a frontispiece a portrait on steel.

MR. H. IRVING HANCOCK, who, since he has written a work entitled "Life at West Point," is presumably an American, is about to produce a work which a certain section of British youths will probably welcome heartily. The title of this book is "Japanese Physical Training" and Messrs. Putnam are to issue it during the present month. The Japanese wrestlers, or rather the Japanese "jiujitsuists," have of late created considerable interest in London athletic circles. The recent refusal of a huge Russian wrestler to engage himself in combat with a tiny little exponent of this art, served to strengthen popular interest in the Japanese athletes and their methods. I think I am right in asserting that Mr. Hancock's book will be the most important published in connection with jiujitsu. The volume will contain eighteen full-page illustrations, and in it Mr. Hancock has been careful to distinguish between wrestling, the sport of the Japanese commoner, and jiujitsu, the art of the gentleman. He carefully explains this latter system, which is of great antiquity. It is stated that skill in jiujitsu will enable a frail woman to overcome the strongest man.

DEAN STUBBS's book on Cambridge is to be published early in December. Messrs. Dent are issuing it, and the price of the ordinary edition will be one guinea. There is to be a special "large paper edition" at booksellers' prices for those who can afford it. The many charming illustrations included in the book are from the pencil of Mr. Herbert Railton, who makes use, for the first time "on any stage," of a new method, combining drawing and reproduction in one process. By means of this method, his pictures are so reproduced as to possess all the appearance of original pencil drawings. The chief illustrations, slightly tinted, number twenty-four, and depict the principal college buildings of Cambridge: there are, in addition, a number of smaller sketches, reproduced in line. The literary portion of the work narrates in full the story of the town of Cambridge and its University. It also devotes particular attention to the architectural features of the neighbourhood.

MR. F. C. GOULD's political caricatures for 1903 are to be immediately issued by Mr. Edward Arnold. The fiscal question, of course, bulks largely in the list of subjects treated by Mr. Gould in his latest series of skits. Mr. Chamberlain's South African tour, the Report of the War Commission, the Venezuelan "War," and President Loubet's visit are amongst other subjects dealt with. The

honour of being Mr. Gould's favourite victim falls, of course, to Mr. Chamberlain. Amongst other persons honoured are Mr. Balfour, the late Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chaplin, and—I think my readers can complete the list for themselves.

DR. J. P. MAHAFFY's book "An Epoch in Irish History; Trinity College, Dublin, Its History and Fortunes (1591-1660)," will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on Monday next. The early Puritan character of Trinity College and the influence upon it of Cromwellian ministers is brought for the first time into the clear light of day.

MESSRS. SANDS & Co. announce for immediate publication "True Stories of the Italian Condottieri," written and profusely illustrated by Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson, which deals with an almost entirely unworked subject, the leaders of the bands of mercenaries who were so prominent in the Early Renaissance. The photogravure frontispiece is from a drawing of Giorgione's fine warrior in the National Gallery.

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE contributes an article on Lord Acton to the "Preussische Jahrbücher" for November.

MRS. CRAIGIE's "The Ambassador" has been translated into Spanish for production on the Spanish stage. A translation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" is now appearing in the "Revue des deux Mondes."

GABRIEL HANOTAUX has published his essays on the question of the *entente* between the Latin races under the title of "La Paix Latine."

THE KAISER has granted a pension of £100 a year to the aged author Rudolf von Gottschall, who attained his 80th birthday in September last.

ENGLISH authors are represented in a list of gift-books published by Eugen Diederichs of Leipzig by Shakespeare ("The Sonnets"), Pater ("The Renaissance"), and Rossetti ("The House of Life").

WHEN Gabriele Reuter published her novel "Aus Guter Familie" (1896), it was clear that a new and powerful writer of fiction had arisen. Indeed, the slight improvement that has been effected in the last few years in the position of middle-class women in Germany is in no small measure due to the revelations contained in that novel which is now in its twelfth edition. But although Gabriele Reuter has written several books since, nothing except perhaps "Der Lebenskünstler"—though that is remarkable for other reasons—has possessed striking merit or overpowering interest. In her latest book "Liselotte von Reckling" (Berlin: S. Fischer), she depicts the experiences of a woman of refined instincts with fixed ideals, married to the leader of a sort of ethical society, a man whose intellect is ever at war with his passions, a sort of Shelley, ever seeking his affinity in the ideal woman. The marriage is not a success. Liselotte's mother, a worldly woman of easy morals, and the most human character in the book, points out to the couple, not wholly unwisely, that marriage, after all, is an earthly condition. In the end Liselotte sets her husband free to go on his quest. The persons do not live, they are vague, unsatisfactory, and weary us long before we have done with them. The story lacks grit and strength.

ALFRED RAMBAUD has just published with Plon-Nourrit a biography of Jules Ferry. Both the epoch it covers—1863-93—and the man whose deeds it records are most interesting. Jules Ferry worked for posterity rather than for contemporary recognition, and his place among the creators of the French Republic is between Thiers and Gambetta. Jules Ferry was the founder of the French system of popular instruction and of the French colonial empire.

FACTS concerning the life of the great Mirabeau are an unending source of interest, and those who have a *penchant* for psychological problems should turn to two volumes of letters lately published by Plon-Nourrit. The first is "Sophie de Monnier et Mirabeau d'après leur correspondance secrète inédite," edited by Paul Cottin, which contains the letters addressed to Mirabeau by Sophie from 1776 to 1781. The second is "Lettres à Julie écrites du donjon de Vincennes," edited by Dauphin Meunier and Georges Leloir. These letters were written by Mirabeau to Mdle. Julie Dauvers in 1780-81. His relations with Sophie de Monnier are known to all, what they were with Julie Dauvers is less easy to determine. It is one of the mysteries of real life that will probably never be unravelled, and possessing, as it does, all the interest of an unfinished romance, these hitherto unpublished letters are fascinating reading.

MR. A. STODART WALKER seems to have all the vivacity and more than the versatility of his uncle Professor John Stuart Blackie of Greek and Gaelic fame. Educated at the Universities of Edinburgh, London, Paris, and Bologna, he is a graduate in medicine and surgery of the first-named college, and has taught and written much on subjects directly connected with his profession. In undergraduate days he took a prominent part in university movements, edited the "Edinburgh University Magazine," and as a pioneer of "Studentenlieder" in Great Britain assisted in editing the "Scottish Students' Song Book" and the "University Song Book." In 1896 he wrote an "Appreciation," and in 1901 edited the "Day Book" of his uncle, Professor Blackie. In the last-named year he also sent out "Robert Buchanan, the Poet of Modern Revolt," which THE ACADEMY named as one of the books of the year; and he has likewise produced "The Struggle for Success," and "Drinkers of Hemlock." He has tried most forms of sport and hopes to use some of the knowledge thus acquired in "The Keeper's Book, a Practical Guide to the Duties of a Gamekeeper," which Mr. Morton will publish for him early next month. In addition to all this, Mr. Stodart Walker has written a couple of plays which yet await production, and has hopes of yet finding a seat in Parliament, on a somewhat eclectic political creed.

CANON RAWNSLEY is one of the few English writers who publish their books north the Tweed, Messrs. Maclehose, of Glasgow, having issued at least half-a-dozen volumes from his pen, dealing chiefly with the literary associations, life and natural phenomena of the Lake District. This firm now announce the forthcoming publication of the Canon's "Flowertime in the Oberland," which will have illustrations from sketches by Mrs. Rawnsley.

WHEN Sir Michael Hicks-Beach taunted the Scotch members, pleading for help for their National Gallery, with the lack of private Scottish munificence calling for reciprocal munificence by the Government, he spoke with an ignorance that seemed deplorable. But the hostile attitude of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely in the end to result in permanent benefit to the Art

interests of Scotland, and so it may, after all, be forgiven north of the Tweed. It led to the appointment a year ago of a Departmental Committee "to inquire into the constitution, powers, and duties of the Board of Manufactures, with special reference to the administration of the grants made by Parliament for purposes of Art in Edinburgh, and to report whether, and in what way, such administration may be improved." The report of this Committee has now been published by the Scotland's Office.

THE Board of Manufactures, whose misleading title is to be changed to the Board of Trustees, came into existence under Article 15 of the Treaty of Union with an annuity of £2,000, for the promotion in the first place of the manufacture of coarse wool and afterwards of fisheries and other industries. In 1847 the art interests of the northern kingdom were committed to its care, and these it has since managed in a fashion in which the Committee can find nothing for praise. It has control over several institutions which it has managed indifferently, including the Royal Institution with its School of Art, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and Dunblane Cathedral, which last is a self-supporting show-place. In dealing with the working of these in detail the Committee, under the heading of the "National Portrait Gallery," replied to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach thus: "The instance of the National Portrait Gallery to which a single individual contributed £60,000 is a sufficient reply. The penurious way in which this gallery has subsequently been maintained by public authority does not tend to encourage future benefactors."

THE recommendations of the Committee, which one roughly estimates to cost £4,200 per annum, include the reconstruction of the Board of Manufactures; the establishment of a new School of Art modelled on the Glasgow School of Art; the constitution of the National Gallery on the lines of the National Galleries of London and Dublin; more ample provision for the National Portrait Gallery; and in addition to improvement in administrative detail, the erection or acquisition of a new National Gallery, towards the cost of which the Board should give £20,000 from its accumulated funds, the balance being provided by the Treasury. The reporting committee regard their proposals as moderate and as wholly justified by the evidence laid before them; but they also suggest that a special grant to partly indemnify Scotland for her losses, through a misunderstanding between the condemned Board and the Treasury, would be "politic and just in the circumstances." The Scotch Members have no reason to feel dissatisfied with the report; it now rests with them to press for its recommendations being accepted by the Treasury.

MR. W. MICHAEL ROSSETTI is putting the finishing touches to his "Reminiscences," upon which he has been engaged for many years. Mr. Rossetti, who is in his seventy-fifth year, has had a curiously wide acquaintance, and he discourses familiarly on many names which are household words. Millais, Holman Hunt, Tennyson, the Brownings, Coventry Patmore, Landor, Trelawny the friend of Shelley, Madox Brown, George Eliot, Thackeray, Allingham, Augusta, Webster, William Morris, Ruskin, Whistler, Lord Acton, Bailey, are a few of the many celebrities of whom Mr. Rossetti speaks.

EARLY next year will be published "Unto Each Man His Own," by Mr. Samuel Gordon, author of "Lesser Destinies" and "Sons of the Covenant." The complex question of the marriage between a Jew and a Christian

is treated, I believe for the first time, both from a Jewish and a Christian standpoint. The story deals with the Anglo-Jewry of to-day.

A WORK by Dr. R. Logan Jack, formerly Government Geologist of Queensland, on his travels in China, will be published shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold. Dr. Jack, with his son and Mr. J. F. Morris, went on an expedition with the object of reporting on Mining Concessions granted by the Chinese Government, and were engaged in a survey in the black blocks of the province of Szechuan when belated news of the Boxer rising was received by them, together with the advice of the British Consul to make for Burma. Although orders had been sent to all high officials to "exterminate the foreigners," they undoubtedly owed their lives to the protection of these officials. Foiled in an attempt to reach Burma *via* the mountains of Thibet, they ultimately reached Bhamo, on the Irawadi, *via* Yung Chang, having crossed some of the greatest rivers of Asia and traversed an Alpine district little visited by Europeans. Dr. Jack probably saw more than most travellers have ever done of the independent and semi-independent Lolo tribes whom Chinese civilisation has penned into the mountain regions. During the time they were travelling towards Tibet and Burma they were, of course, cut off from all communications with the outer world, and their probable fate excited keen interest in Australia as well as in England.

DR. MOORE'S third series of "Studies in Dante" consists of miscellaneous essays, dealing with the astronomy and geography of Dante, the date assumed by Dante for the vision of the Divina Commedia, symbolism and prophecy in the last six cantos of the Purgatorio, the genuineness of the dedicatory epistle to Can Grande, &c. The Oxford University Press will issue the new volume very shortly.

MESSRS. FREDERICK W. WILSON & Co., of Glasgow, have in the press a work by Mr. David Lowe, entitled "Burns's Passionate Pilgrimage." It contains new information concerning the early career of the poet. For the first time the verses written by Saunders Tait about Burns are reproduced in full, and that which Henley in 1896 considered a discovery is for the first time since 1790 submitted complete to those interested in Burns. The edition is limited in this country to seven hundred and fifty copies, one hundred of which will be printed on Dutch hand-made paper and numbered.

MR. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD'S account of his tour "Round Kangchenjunga" will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold on November 30. The value of the book is much enhanced by the contributions of Mr. Freshfield's two companions. To Professor Garwood are due the beautiful map of the district and an appendix on the geology of Sikkim, while the photographs which, to the number of over forty, illustrate the narrative, are by Signor Vittorio Sella.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES will publish in a day or two "The Arcadian Calendar," by Mr. E. D. Cuming, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd. The book consists of a series of papers describing the movements, domestic affairs, and habits of the more familiar British birds, beasts, and insects from January to December.

"HORACE FOR ENGLISH READERS" is on the eve of publication by the Oxford University Press, Dean Wickham having translated the poems into prose. In his introduction the Dean points out that Horace has found a

special home in the hearts of Frenchmen and Englishmen, and it is thought that there is a class who would rather have in plain prose the exact things which Horace said than a distant and questionable imitation of the poetical form.

## Bibliographical

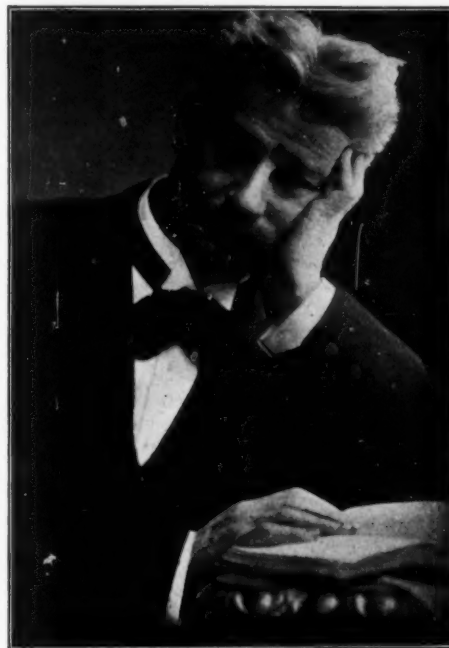
**M**R. R. A. STREATFEILD, who has just added to Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library" a selection from the poetry of George Darley, has done a good deal towards making Darley known to the present generation. He reprinted in 1897 the imperfect copy of the bard's "Nepenthe" which was, and is, in the British Museum, and in July of last year he contributed to the "Quarterly Review" an essay on Darley which students will also find in the national library, set out by itself in the form of a thin brochure entitled "A Forgotten Poet," and endowed with pen-and-ink annotations by the writer. In his present selection, Mr. Streatfeild gives "Nepenthe" in full, from a complete copy to which he has had access. He gives also some lyrics which he has found in periodicals, and which have not previously been reprinted. Further he gives some songs from an unfinished composition called "The Sea Bride" which were found among the poet's papers. From "Sylvia" Mr. Streatfeild takes selections only, but those who desire to have the entire work may be reminded that it was reprinted by Mr. J. H. Ingram in 1892. It is to be feared that a complete edition of Darley's works, including not only "Nepenthe" and "Sylvia," but "Thomas à Becket," "Ethelstan," and all the lyrics which have ever seen the light, would be too risky an enterprise for any publisher.

It is a curious fact that Darley should to this day be best known by the poem beginning "It is not beauty I demand," which Mr. Palgrave included (in 1861) in his "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," under the impression that it was the work of an anonymous writer of the seventeenth century. The poem was retained in the "Golden Treasury" so late as 1890, when the authorship was given, rather absurdly, as "Anon. (G. Darley)." When the "Treasury" was "revised and enlarged" in 1894, the poem was excluded. Archbishop Trench, by the way, included it in his "Household Book of English Poetry" (1868). In Canon Livingstone's edition of Darley's Poems (1890), the stanzas figure under the heading of "A Ryghte Pythie Songe," and the spelling is in mock-antique. Darley's only other popular verses are those of the song called "I've been Roaming," which were set to music by Charles Horn.

Richard Jobson's work, which is to form the first of the "Mary Kingsley Travel Books"—"The Golden Trade, or a Discovery of the River Gambia, and The Golden Trade of the Æthiopians; also the commerce with a great black merchant called Bucker Sano and his report of the houses covered with gold"—was first printed in 1623, "The Larger Observations of Master Richard Jobson touching the River Gambia" following in 1625 as part and parcel of "Purchas his Pilgrimes." "The Golden Trade," it would seem, has not been reprinted since it was comprised in the "New General Collection of Voyages and Travels" published in 1745. The second volume of the "Mary Kingsley Travel Books" will be "Coryats Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five moneths travells," which came out in 1611, and was reprinted in 1776.

We are promised a reprint of the edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" for which T. Rowlandson supplied drawings in 1817. Numerous, indeed, are the notable artists who have designed or executed illustrations for "The Vicar." There were, for example, Stothard in 1792, and T. Bewick in 1798, and R. Westall in 1819, and George Cruikshank in 1832, and Mulready in 1843. Westall's designs were reproduced in 1828 and 1889; Mulready's, which have

been the most popular, in 1886, 1888, and 1896. Among later illustrators of the novel one may name J. Absalon (1855, reproduced 1886), Sir John Gilbert, Kenny Meadows, &c. (1855), E. Thomas (1855), J. Thurston (1863), G. Thomas (1875), V. A. Poirson (1886), Hugh Thomson (1890), A. Lalauze (1893), F. D. Bedford (1898), C. E. Brock (1898), and H. M. Paget (1898).



M. GEORGES BRANDES

[Photo. Strellakij, Budapest: Half-tone Block, John Swain and Son, Farringdon Street.]

The publication of Mr. Brereton's book on "The Lyceum Theatre and Henry Irving" reminds one that sketches of the history of the Lyceum are contained in Mr. Michael Williams's "Some London Theatres" (1883) and Mr. Barton Baker's "The London Stage" (1889). Mr. Brereton has himself told in "Henry Irving" (1883) the story of Sir Henry's work at the Lyceum down to that date, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has told the same story, down to 1895, in his "Sir Henry Irving: A Record of over Twenty Years at the Lyceum." But Mr. Brereton's new volume now supersedes all these.

It is to be feared that the recently-deceased Mrs. T. K. Hervey had out-lived her literary reputation. Who now reads her "Bard of the Sea Kings, and other Poems," or her "Edith of Grayslock," or her "Landgrave," a verse play in five acts, or her three-volume novel, "Snooded Jessaline," published as lately as 1865? She will be best remembered, perhaps—after all—by her edition of her husband's poems (in 1866).

A correspondent writes: "I see that Mr. Escott, in his 'British Sovereigns of the Century,' quotes the well-known epigram on the Four Georges. Does he, however, quote it correctly? He makes the penultimate line run—

When George the Fourth to Heaven ascended.

In the version with which I am most familiar, and which I have always seen ascribed to Landor, the penultimate line runs—

When George the Fourth from earth descended.

This seems to me much the more pungent reading, and I have always understood it was the right one."

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews

## Old Time Controversies

THE LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF HUGH, FIRST VISCOUNT GOUGH.

By Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford.  
2 vols. (Constable. 31s. 6d.)

FIFTY-SEVEN years ago the unhappy controversy between Sir Hugh Gough, Commander-in-Chief in India, and Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, was one of the best known topics of the day. They fell out upon the manner in which the First Sikh War was being conducted, and their differences were so irreconcilable that Hardinge at last wrote home to Sir Robert Peel, begging that Gough might be removed from command. The Government consented, and orders were sent out for Sir Hugh's supersession. Yet ere they arrived in India, he had brought the war to an end by the splendid victory of Sobraon. Three years later there was another and exactly similar conflict of opinion between Gough and Hardinge's successor Lord Dalhousie, as to the management of the Second Sikh War. The open friction was less than in 1846, but Dalhousie copied Hardinge's precedent by asking for Gough's recall. Lord John Russell sent out Charles Napier to succeed him, but before the conqueror of Scinde reached Calcutta, the old Commander-in-Chief had won the battle of Gujarat and received the surrender of the whole Sikh Army. For a second time he had replied to his critics by bringing the struggle to a successful termination.

Hardinge had written to the Prime Minister in 1846 to the effect that "Sir Hugh Gough is a brave and fearless officer, an honourable and amiable man . . . and an excellent leader of a brigade or a division. . . . But he is not the officer who ought to be entrusted with the conduct of the war in the Punjab." Dalhousie in 1849 complained that the Commander-in-Chief was "devoid of mind or plan, and had nothing but a jealous and obstinate will."

For half a century the verdict of the two Governor-Generals has been accepted as more or less accurate by the writers of history. It has become a commonplace that Gough was a reckless and headstrong old Irishman, whose one idea was to get at the enemy "Tipperary fashion": that his sole tactics were to fling his infantry at the Sikh lines, and to trust to the British bayonet to carry all before it. Ferozeshah and Chillianwallah have been called "useless slaughters," and, to account for Gough's skilful management of his last fight at Gujarat, a legend has been invented that his own staff imprisoned him on a house top till the "artillery preparation" for the assault was complete, only letting him down when the real time for an infantry onslaught had arrived. All this may be read in Colonel Malleon's "Decisive Battles of Indian History," and other well-known and popular works.

Lord Gough never answered his critics at the time; nor did he employ his old age, he lived till 1869, in composing any sort of *apologia* in the form of memoirs or autobiography. It is only now, some thirty-five years after his death, that he has found a defender and an enthusiastic admirer in the person of Mr. Rait, whose two solid green volumes now lie before us.

There can be no doubt whatever that the general effect of this controversial biography, for such it is, will be to improve Lord Gough's position in the eyes of the student of military history. Mr. Rait shows that many of the counts in the indictment against him rest on nothing better than camp-gossip, and are utterly absurd. A good many more, including most of the points raised by Hardinge and Dalhousie, are matters for legitimate argument, and can only be decided when both sides have been heard—and till this book was published the defence

had never been stated. Now that we have it before us we must rewrite our verdict.

Gough was a typical Anglo-Irishman of "the Garrison": his ancestors had been small squires in County Limerick for several generations and had contributed many officers to the Army before Hugh, at the age of fifteen, joined the short-lived 119th Foot as ensign. He had seen active service, at the first capture of the Cape, before he had completed another year and from that time onward took more than his fair share in the great French war. He fought his way to early promotion, though he had no interest at the Horse Guards and already in 1809 commanded a battalion before he had reached the age of thirty. He led the 87th, a regiment as thoroughly Irish as himself, in the pursuit of Soult from Oporto, at Talavera, in the defence of Cadiz, and all through the campaign of 1812-13. His name became pretty generally known in the Army, owing to his gallant charge at Barrosa, where his men captured the first French eagle that was taken during the Peninsular War, and still more on account of his cool courage in holding the breach at the siege of Tarifa.

More than twenty-five years elapsed between Gough's last service in Spain and his next appearance in the field. He was over sixty when he conducted the land forces during the Chinese "Opium War" of 1841, and was nearing his three score years and ten when in India, as Commander-in-Chief, he had to take charge of the Maharajpore campaign, and afterwards of the great struggle with the Sikhs in 1845. Gough's operations at Maharajpore were comparatively little criticised, owing to the immediate success of his plan, which finished the Gwalior War in forty-eight hours. They exhibit, however, the same features which were afterwards to provoke so much adverse comment during the struggle on the Sutlej. The Commander-in-Chief was decidedly of the same school as his predecessor Lord Lake, and held, like him, the theory that in dealing with an Indian army the best policy is to force on a fight at the earliest moment, and "go in with the bayonet" as soon as possible. Usually British armies in India were under-gunned, and to engage in a long artillery duel before using the infantry led to nothing decisive; the guns used up all their ammunition without breaking down the defensive, or were themselves silenced before they had produced any good result. Gujarat was the only battle in the two Sikh wars in which we possessed a superiority in numbers and metal over the enemy, and then, as even the most hostile critic must allow, a proper and adequate use of that superiority was made by Lord Gough.

But if it was impossible to move the Sikhs from their position by artillery fire, it may be asked why Gough did not manoeuvre them off their chosen ground by flank attacks, or movements against their communications. This objection is much more serious than the last, and, indeed, cannot be wholly met. But at least it may be answered that the Sikhs usually placed themselves in positions where flanking movements were impossible or could only be carried out by means of a vast *détour*. At Sobraon and Chillianwallah they had each flank covered by an impassable river: at Ferozeshah they had formed a vast oval entrenched camp equally defensible on every side, so that no amount of turning would have found an exposed flank. And as to movements against their communications, it may be urged that we also had communications, not less valuable to us than those of the enemy were to them. An attempt to get behind the Sikhs would have left them free to march upon our bases and arsenals, Umballa, Meerut and Delhi in the first war, Lahore in the

second. Considering that in each case they had assumed the strategical offensive, and that if they had penetrated far into British territory the results to our prestige would have been disastrous, we cannot wonder that Gough preferred to cover his base and use the frontal attack.

It would seem, then, that the old General had a fair defence to make for his methods of attack, and a careful study of his correspondence shows that he made it in precisely this form. The perusal of his dispatches, which are far more literary in shape and far more logical in form than any reader would have expected from the Gough of common tradition, distinctly shows that he had definite plans, political as well as strategical, and did his best to carry them out—that he was not intoxicated by the first whiff of gunpowder, and incapable of reflection when once he saw the enemy in his front.

Descending to details, we find that in the most criticised of Gough's battles, that of Chillianwallah, Mr. Rait has gathered together much new information which tends to free the general from the weightier charges that have been brought against him. In that fight there were two most untoward incidents—the disgraceful stampede of the cavalry of the British right wing and the repulse with terrible slaughter of the infantry attack of the left centre. They gave an unhappy colouring to the day, and are often quoted against Gough, as if he were responsible for them. But it can be shown that he was not: the cavalry disaster remains inexplicable to this moment—it is an almost solitary blot on the history of two distinguished regiments: even allowing that their brigadier was incapable and had also been wounded, no rational man could have guessed that they would have bolted from inferior forces and ridden to the rear till they were brought up by the impedimenta of their own camp. Gough could not have foreseen such a disgrace. As to the failure of the infantry attack of Pennycuik's brigade, Gough himself attributed it to the over-hasty and reckless advance of one part of his line, while the rest was not forcing the pace. He called the charge "an act of madness," and maintained that if Pennycuik had kept touch with his comrades, and advanced firing, he would have taken and kept the lines in front of him, as did the brigades to right and left (pages 224-5). At Goojerat he remarked that "knowing the error committed at Chillianwallah, I gave positive orders that the whole line should touch to the centre, and never separate—to soldiers such a prohibition should never be considered necessary. At Goojerat I saw it fulfilled myself—at Chillianwallah I could not." There is fair reason for laying the whole blame of the latter battle's disasters on the brigadiers and not on the Commander-in-Chief.

We have no space for more criticism of this most interesting book. But a few corrections may be useful for Mr. Rait's second edition. In Vol. I., page 37, he has confused two incidents of Talavera, the unfortunate combat of Casa de Salinas (where Gough was engaged) and the fight on the Cerro de Medellin, where he was not. The Casa was not "a hill on the left of the British position," but a country house four miles in advance of it. Restoria in I., page 121, should be Renteria; Sir Sauford Whittingham in I., page 167, should be Sir Samford Whittingham [this officer always wrote his middle names, Samuel Ford, as one word, Samford]. Pushtu is Aryan but not Iranic (I., page 359). General Graham had not "little military experience" in 1810; he had served not only at Toulon, Malta, Corunna and Walcheren in the British ranks, but had gone through the Franco-Austrian campaigns of 1796-7 with Wurmser and Alvinzi, and that of Tudela with Cartafios—an amount of experience that fell to few British officers.

C. OMAN.

### An Irishman's Irishman

PAT M'CARTY, FARMER, OF ANTRIM. HIS RHYMES WITH A SETTING. By John Stevenson. (Arnold. 6s. net.)

THE writer of these admirably racy verses—racy of the soil of Ireland—modestly calls them rhymes, but he may take courage in his next essay and boldly claim the title of poet, to which few, if any, will deny him just title. Some of the prose—the Setting—and some of the poems made their first appearance in the pages of "The Pen" some five or six years ago in Belfast, but the larger portion of the contents of the volume now appears for the first but probably not for the last time. The writer has excellent qualifications for his task, the depicting of the mind and character of the folk of Antrim; he has attended the country school, waded and bathed in the burns of the Glens, fished with the fishers, reaped the corn, carried the hay, pulled flax, weeded the garden, worked in the fields, knows, in fact, the life of North-East Ulster from the inside; he has been to the quilting, danced in the barn, and draws his portraits from and to the life.

Pat M'Carthy is the mouthpiece invented and chosen by Mr. Stevenson to be his spokesman, to sing to us of the Ireland of which Englishmen know so little, not of the Ireland of rollicking unreality or of mystic imagination, not the Ireland of Lever, Lover, and Tom Moore, of the Saxon tyrant, the unstrung harp and the shamrock, but the homespun Ireland of the north-east, the equivalent in a way of the Scotland of Burns, to whose work these poems have no little affinity in both matter, manner, and merit.

In the Rhymer's foreword we are told that—

It's but a farmyard muse that sings  
O' country life an' country men,

but the song is clear, true and hearty. The volume is divided into classified sections, each with a prose introduction almost as delightful as the accompanying poems. A quotation will show how the verses were conceived and written: "A dominating feature suggests the first line, and the unsought, unpremeditated rhythm of this decides the character and measure of the lines that follow. . . . If, with Pat, the faculty of seeing a humorous side to things be one or the main incentive to rhyme, another is his love of Nature in all her manifestations in this northern land. For him there are no dead things in the landscape. . . . Primroses for him are modest in varying degree, the bluebell knows she bows, other flowers are saucy or impudent, confiding and fearless, or timid with a pleading and beseeching look." Quotation will, however, best show the quality of the verses. Here is a simple "bit" from "A Peat Bog":—

The nut-brown water-pools that lie wind-rippled,  
Or stilly picturin' a second sky.

From "An Antrim Glen":—

The hills maun love the sun, I wis,  
Sae loth are they to lose his light—  
They claim his first guid mornin' kiss,  
They tak' his verra last guid night,  
As eve her cloak unlooses,  
And lets its velvet faulds fa' doon.

Could a grave better be described than thus:—

There's a narrow wee hoose ow'r by,  
Folk in it look up to the sky.

Or turning to the facetious we may quote from "The Four Winds of Heaven":—

The East's a woman—bitter, bad,  
Hated and scorn'd where'er she goes;  
A woman troubled wi' the cowl,  
Aye wipin' at her thin red nose.  
It's sair to see her ugly tracks,  
When roon' the hoose at night she walks—  
A wee bit chicken lyin' deid,  
A wheen o' blacken'd pratie stalks.

The lamb that yesterday was born,  
 Pair wee onsteady-leggit beast,  
 She kicks and kills beside its dam,  
 The devil's dochter is the East.

Grimly, pathetically facetious, for Irish pathos, in the North at any rate, is often grim. As for the diction, it must be remembered that the North is near akin geographically and ethnographically to Scotland. Or purely facetious from "To a Worm":—

I'm feart ye're near relatit to—to him they ca' the —,  
 The—him—ye ken,—that lives below,—where nae thin' can  
 congeal;  
 A sartin reticence obsarv'd will no' be cause for blame,  
 He has a way o' crappin' up at mention o' his name.

But snippets after all do not give a true taste of these verses and we should like to quote at length, did space permit, "The Artist," a perfect picture of fun; "The Dance at Widow Clarke's," a rattling piece of drollery; the "Ode to a Fat Man," "The Wife He Wants," and the closing poem, "The Wee Grey Man"—death with "His clammy wet fingers, sae lean and strang," or the beautiful piece of prose concerning the little child that never came to Pat and his Scotch wife.

It is hardly necessary to say that though his level is usually very high Mr. Stevenson occasionally trips; his verse is never bad, but it is not always quite in keeping with the character of Pat McCarty, who could not have written "The Sea," which indeed does not ring true, the "Rose of Sharon," or the group of sonnets.

Altogether a very notable achievement. There is no chord that Mr. Stevenson does not strike with some fingers in this first book of his—he can bring tears to the eyes or laughter to the lips. His future work will be watched for and will be judged by the high standard he himself has set.

W. T. S.

### An Agreeable Rattle

THE CREEVEY PAPERS. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P. (In 2 volumes. With Portraits. John Murray. 31s. 6d. net.)

Who was Creevey? The name being unfamiliar, it was natural to receive these handsome volumes in a somewhat perturbed spirit. Surely the reading of them would be a severe trial? That was a great mistake. Such a lively, picturesque, engaging book has not come forth for many a day. Mr. Thomas Creevey, who was born in 1768 and died in 1838, was one of the most remarkable of men. During his adult years he was the intimate acquaintance of all the great ladies and all the great statesmen of the age. It may indeed be said that he was the esteemed friend of them all. Politics were passionate at that time, Whigs and Tories did not agree well, every gentleman was occasionally drunk and quarrels requiring the clash of swords or the crack of pistols were not infrequent; but one never hears an ill word of Mr. Creevey. All his contemporaries seem to have treated him with great respect. Mr. Charles Greville was one of these,

Old Creevey [he wrote in his Journal] is rather an extraordinary character. . . . his wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about £200 a year, or less; no home, few connections, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes; no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him. . . . He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches; for he suffers none of the privations of poverty, and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing.

In as far as it goes, this account seems accurate; but it bears traces of that strange lack of generous imagination which is here and there noticeable in Greville's Memoirs. Greville and Creevey were in the same line of life. Both

were men-about-town doing a brisk trade in political gossip and private scandal; but really it now appears that Creevey was the practitioner of larger mind. He seems not to have stooped so much for his information as Greville sometimes did. As far as one can gather from these volumes he never had an enemy who looked down upon him. Even Brougham, when in the course of his intrigues he became estranged from Creevey, paid court to him, and deference. Whig as he was, and rather a rancorous one at that, Creevey was a welcome person even to the Duke of Wellington. Just before the battle of Waterloo he was staying at Brussels, and was much in the great soldier's confidence. Not long before the fight the Duke met Creevey in the Park at Brussels,

stopt, and said in his most natural manner—"By God, I think Blücher and myself can do the thing." "Do you calculate," I asked, "upon any desertion in Buonaparte's army?" "Not upon a man," he said, "from the colonel to the private in a regiment—both inclusive. We may pick up a marshal or two, perhaps; but not worth a damn." "Do you reckon upon any support from the French King's troops at Alost?" "Oh! don't mention such fellows! No: I think Blücher and I can do the business." Then, seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gaping about at the statues and images—"There," he said, pointing at the soldier, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it and I am sure."

Between that conversation and the battle the English residing in Brussels were in a state of great tension, which Creevey describes well. Immediately after the business was done, just when he had entered his residence in the Park, the Duke, alone at a window, recognised Creevey in the crowd outside, and beckoned him up.

"It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher lost 14,000 on Friday night, and got so damnably licked that I could not find him on Saturday morning." . . . I asked him if the French had fought better than he had ever seen them do before. "No," he said: "they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vimeira."

The kings, queens, princes, and statesmen of the era treated Mr. Creevey with similar candour; but there is space for only a few excerpts more. Squire Weston, M.P., was bewailing the impotence of the Whigs, in Opposition.

There is [he wrote to Mr. Creevey] no superior mind amongst us; great power of speaking, faculty of perplexing, irritation and complaints, but no supereminent power to strike out a line of policy, and to command the confidence of the country.

Perhaps this explains what "efficiency" means. Can it be the quality which losing parties always lack? When England, France, and Russia interposed to preserve the independence of Greece, which had been at war with Turkey, Mr. Creevey had misgivings. The Allies had destroyed the Turkish Fleet.

I take a much more extensive view of this business than my brother statesman, Earl Grey, does. We long-sighted old politicians see a fixed intention on the part of Russia to make Constantinople a seat of her power, and to re-establish the Greek Church upon the ruins of Mahometanism—a new crusade, in short, by a new and enormous power, brought into the field by our own selves, and that may put our existence at stake to drive out again.

Time may tell, indeed, that Mr. Creevey was not a bad prophet. He was quick to discover in young Queen Victoria the Sovereign by whom the Monarchy in England was to be strengthened and redeemed.

It would not be easy to overpraise Sir Herbert Maxwell's editing of the Creevey papers. His frequent interpolations make these almost as illuminating as a formal history of England during Mr. Creevey's time.

W. EARL HODGSON.

## A Valuable Legacy

GUERNSEY FOLKLORE. From MSS. by the late Sir Edgar MacCulloch. Edited by Edith F. Carey. (Elliot Stock. 12s. 6d. net.)

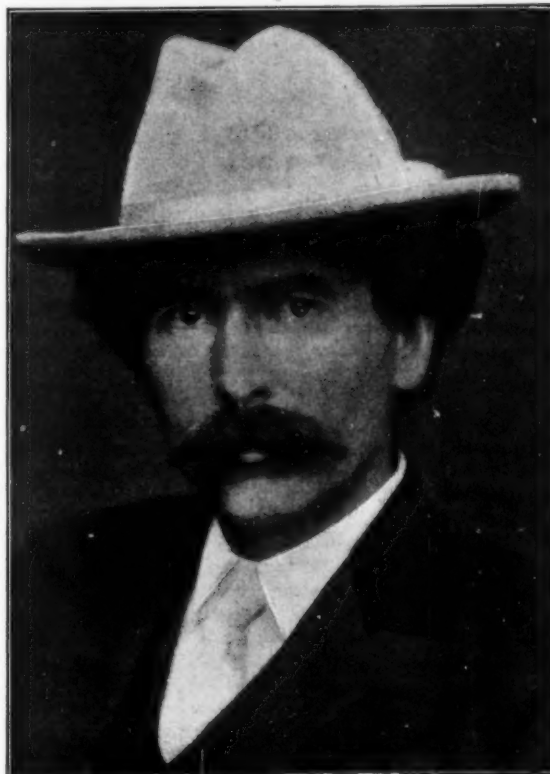
SIR EDGAR MACCULLOCH was always a student of the history of his native island and in particular of the institutions and social characteristics of the people. He was one of the earliest members of the Folklore Society and to the last days of his life kept up his supreme interest in his subject. It is all the more pleasing, therefore, to have rescued from the MSS. he left behind him this goodly collection of first-hand material—material that is obtained not from one special standpoint, not only from traditional lore and custom, but from all that appertains to the unwritten but fully observed laws and customs which still obtain in Guernsey. This is a notable feature of the book. Where exactly traditional lore stops and unwritten laws begin it is not easy to determine, where they overlap it is often important to find out, and with this collection before us it becomes possible to discuss many significant features of early history enshrined in these survivals from the past. One other good feature of the collection is that it is not disfigured by the introduction of impossible theories as to origin. It is material necessary for discussing origins, and it is presented in the best possible shape just as it comes direct from the people or direct from the observations of a first-rate enquirer and lover of facts.

Among the interesting marriage customs it is useful to note that all the household furniture procured on the occasion "is looked upon as belonging to the wife, and is frequently secured to her by a regular contract entered into before marriage, so that in case of the husband getting into pecuniary difficulties his creditors cannot lay claim" to it. This is in strict accord with the marriage service formula "with my worldly goods I thee endow," and is probably a relic of the oldest law on the subject, which in all other parts of the United Kingdom has been changed to the detriment of the preservation of the home. Other customs relating to marriage, birth, and burial are noted, all of them pointing to a significance which is now not understood by those who carry them out.

An interesting chapter is given to the pre-historic stones and the superstitions and beliefs attaching to them. These should be compared with the great collection made by Mr. Borlase of the corresponding cult in Ireland. The stones "are believed to be the favourite haunts of the fairy folk, who live in the ant hills which are frequently found in their vicinity, and who would not fail to punish the audacious mortal who might venture to remove them," and it is an idea of the peasantry that hidden treasures, when discovered by a mortal, are transformed in appearance by the demon who guards them into worthless shells. The interesting stories and traditions about the origin of these stones and of the fatal consequences attending any attempt to remove them, are valuable additions to the evidence of myth-making conditions having been in full operation during comparatively modern days. A misunderstood phenomenon as soon as it is brought within the purview of a thinking people of the pre-scientific age, becomes at once the subject of inquiry as to its origin and purpose. If science or knowledge fail, myth has to do duty, for origin and purpose must be established, it being contrary to the human mind to leave blanks in the realm of thought. The peasantry of the backward civilizations are, in this respect, on a par with the uncivilized peoples of barbarous and savage lands and it is well to understand this universal characteristic of mankind, for, rightly interpreted, it helps the scientific inquirer to much in the early history of psychical phenomena which otherwise cannot be recovered.

The story of the stone figure found in the Church of Ste. Marie-du-Castre is of another class of belief, and we endorse the opinion of the editor of this book that it is

probably an old idol preserved from pre-Christian times and worshipped through Christian times until quite recently. Particularly significant is the additional evidence given in an editorial note which says that the old figure was called "La Gran'mère du chimquière"—the grandmother of the churchyard, and comparing it with what is known of the Breton belief and rites connected with the stone image, commonly called "La Vénus de Quinipilly"



MR. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

[Half-Tone Block, John Swain and Son, Farringdon Street.]

it seems certain that this case presents a remarkable survival from earliest times.

We could go on giving instances like these of the worth of this interesting collection. It will form a mine from which many will quarry, and we are satisfied that they will get good and well-authenticated material. Fairy-lore, games, holy wells, witchcraft, and many miscellaneous superstitions come in for notice. The book is illustrated throughout by useful pictures of some lost scenes, and of many of the places and objects which are the subject of description. It is not often now that books on folklore can be so recommended, but in this case there is no manner of doubt.

LAURENCE GOMME.

## "That Soul of Whim"

GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. By Winifred, Lady Burghclere. (Murray. 21s. net.)

THE life of George Villiers, the "Zimri" of Dryden's terrible satire, was curiously typical of the brilliant and futile age of the Restoration. If in that period of cynical intrigue and ennuied gaiety, we may trace the working out of any sincere and constant purpose, that purpose, ironically enough, is closely associated with the memory of the man who was—

Everything by starts and nothing long.

Among his myriad changes and disguises, his ambition, his dalliance and his profligacy, Dryden's "Chymist, statesman, fiddler and buffoon" was a champion of religious tolerance.

Throughout her clear and admirably proportioned narrative, Lady Burghclere keeps in view this one surprising consistency in Buckingham's inconsistent career. She is perhaps somewhat bold in characterising it as his one "selfless aspiration," for much was to be gained politically by upholding the cause of the oppressed Non-conformists. Yet his protests against the illogical folly of religious persecution have the ring of conviction and whether he acted from political or philosophical motives—he can hardly be suspected of religious ones—he did something towards redeeming a wasted life.

George Villiers was born, it might seem, under a strange conjunction of those stars in which he believed so devoutly and fated to dazzling possibilities and inevitable frustrations. Within a year of his birth, his father, "the fantastic, fatal Buckingham" of James and Charles I., had fallen by an assassin's hand. About Villiers' boyhood sounded the heroic clangour of the Civil War; and the gallant Lord Francis, the brother who stands so blithely beside him in Van Dyck's portrait, fell at his side in a last, desperate endeavour for the King. Thereafter followed the time of exile and disaster, in which Buckingham, like his King and comrade, learned the art of laughter. There was matter enough for laughter, somewhat of the bitterest, in the vicissitudes shared by the friends, while Charles played out his dreary farce of Covenanted King and faced final ruin at Worcester. Buckingham's reconciliation and return to England preceded those of the King, and we catch amusing glimpses of him as a favoured guest of the Cromwell household or playing at rural respectability as friend and son-in-law of the chivalrous Fairfax. With the Restoration appeared the more familiar Buckingham, wit and poet and spend-thrift, the lover of Lady Shrewsbury, the politician of the Cabal, the impoverished and disappointed man whose lonely death-bed Pope has depicted. Lady Burghclere has treated her complex subject with a fine lucidity and in a spirit at once just and sympathetic. Her restrained and balanced narrative admits, it is true, but little of the picturesque detail, the dramatic light and shade, which might well find place in such a life story as that of Buckingham. Yet, if we miss a few suggestive glimpses which the memoirs of the time might have afforded, we have a sustained and comprehensive study, not without its flashes of illuminating characterisation.

It is much to say that not even Shaftesbury has overcome the author's judicial sense, though she is fascinated by him, as is every historian who comes within range of that subtle and dominating intellect, and perhaps her finest portrait is the suggestive sketch of the perilous "Achitophel."

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

### "Tragédies de Salon"

L'EAU PROFONDE. By Paul Bourget. (Plon-Nourrit. 3s.)

EACH time we read a new work of Bourget's we cannot help a feeling of regret that with his insight into the workings of the human mind and heart, he does not more often quit the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of fashionable Paris, coming down, so to speak, into the streets, as he did for instance in "Monique," where most men have more serious aims than making love to their neighbours' wives. Doubtless in the so-called smart society that Bourget paints there are veritable "tragédies de salon," and as in "L'Eau Profonde," a "grande âme" may flourish and exercise beneficent influence even amid the *brouhaha* of that composite thing we are accustomed to talk of as Parisian society. Bourget's heroine is described, moreover, as a woman who "voudrait autour de ses émotions, de ses espérances, de ses regrets, un cadre de nature qui leur

ressemblât, et elle doit passer de la rue de la Paix et d'un essayage chez un grand couturier à une tournée de visites dans la Plaine-Monceau, les Champs-Élysées, le faubourg Saint-Germain, pour rentrer, s'habiller, dîner en ville ou recevoir, et finir sa soirée dans quelque cohue prétendue élégante ou dans quelque loge d'un théâtre prétendu amusant." But we are not sure that a woman is ever the slave of her surroundings in this way without in some degree consenting to the situation. The *motif* of the story is undoubtedly original. Madame de Chaligny makes Valentine, her daughter-in-law, the depository of the secret of her life: its revelation would spell disgrace for herself and her son. The wife, at her mother-in-law's entreaty, visits her real father-in-law, now a lonely paralytic, clandestinely. Jeanne de la Node, her cousin and her husband's mistress, accidentally finds out that Valentine is in the habit of going at stated times to a house in an out-of-the-way quarter of the town, jumps to the conclusion that it means assignations with a lover and denounces her to her husband. And so we have one of those "complications sentimentales" dear to the heart of Bourget. And to add to the complexity Jeanne did not become Chaligny's mistress out of love to him, but out of hatred for his wife. The characters of the two cousins form a strange contrast. Jeanne, through envy of her superiority of mind and heart and her greater luck in the chances of life, had hated Valentine from childhood. Valentine was one of those silent souls, too often misunderstood in this noisy world, whose one object is to preserve those whom they love from trouble. She would sacrifice herself and her reputation to prevent her husband learning the secret of his birth and that he has no right to the name he bears and the fortune he enjoys. In the end it is Valentine who wins: the secret is revealed, the husband's infidelities are forgiven and we may suppose the pair live happily ever after.

The other stories in the volume might have as motto another proverb: "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours." In a brief introduction Bourget argues that fate often forces a man to retrace his steps and find the phantom of the man he once was, and that sometimes these encounters, as it were, with "the snows of yester-year," are the occasions of singularly melancholy "dramas intimes." Six moral tragedies of the kind indicated by the general title "Les Pas dans les Pas" are then related. They are love stories, and some of them, like "L'aveu," and "La Rançon," contain elements of true pathos. Another, "Fausse Manœuvre," resembles a short story by Henry James entitled "The Two Faces." In both a man who has been the lover of a married woman suddenly marries a girl unused to the smart society in which her husband moves. He asks the lady of his earlier affections to advise the young wife with regard to her dress and general bearing. Needless to say the advice given is of a sort to make the girl look ridiculous. With Bourget the husband discovers the ruse. Mr. James with greater subtlety makes it clear that the bystanders see what is going forward, but leaves his readers in doubt as to what the husband sees.

Bourget's charm prevails always: his style fascinates us as we read, be the subject what it may. But in these stories it must be confessed that at times the action drags, and the descriptive passages are too long. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is the little introductory dissertation on the proverbs of different races.

THE GENIUS OF J. M. W. TURNER. Edited by Charles Holme. (Winter Number of "The Studio." 5s. net.) An admirably reproduced and representative selection of Turner's paintings, drawings and engravings; some of the colour printing is quite beautiful, notably the frontispiece portrait of the painter, and the "Richmond" and "A Sea-Piece." Text and illustrations alike are worthy of the subject.

**LIFE OF HUMPHREY CHETHAM, FOUNDER OF THE CHETHAM HOSPITAL AND LIBRARY, MANCHESTER.** By the late Francis Robert Raines, M.A., and Charles W. Sutton, M.A. With a Genealogy of the Chetham Family. (2 vols. Manchester: printed for the Chetham Society.)

This latest publication of the Chetham Society, excellent from an antiquarian point of view, is inevitably one of those publications which are mainly, if not solely, valuable as contributions to local and county history. There is little in it which makes any wider appeal; but to Lancashire, and especially Manchester, it is of eminent interest, from the position which its subject, by his benevolent foundations, holds in the history of Manchester. It is, of course, in the thorough antiquarian style, plodding and documentary—good quarry for the builders of history. Humphrey Chetham was a local Lancashire magnate of the seventeenth century, a good and favourable type of his kind. At first a constitutional supporter of Charles, and afterwards a constitutional supporter of the Parliament, he never went outside county affairs, or made himself prominent as a partisan. Benevolent and moderate, in that age of hot Puritanism and harsh penal laws, he combined steady Churchmanship with friendly kindness towards Sir Cecil Trafford and others of the proscribed faith; and it is only in character that he should be known to his county posterity by his charitable foundations and the library which bears his name. You have as frontispiece a very characteristic portrait: a beaked, thin, sagacious face, with level brows, and wide, somewhat severe mouth—a face such as you may still see in Lancashire business-men.

But to the world outside Manchester the matter of most interest in the book is provided by some of the contemporary letters, in which Chetham's correspondents give casual glimpses of England in its civil convulsions. One sees that to sober, quiet men, even if they had taken the Parliament's side, "the army" was a word of terror and private abhorrence. Correspondents write from London regarding the military expulsion of members from Parliament, and of broils and brawls which show the people did not take kindly to it.

Thus the prentices rise in riot—

The Apprentices some of them would take libertie to play in Moore-fields upon the Lords day; the Lord Mayor sent some soldiers to take them up, and upon this some quarrels grew amongst them . . . some were slayne, and then more came in to the apprentices assistance, of Butchers and other discontented persons, as I heare, and made the souldiers to flee at y<sup>e</sup> press, followed them to White hall, and some of them went on to the Lord Mayors house and took two Drakes from thence, or one at the least, and other armour from other places, and grewe to a great head, but upon Munday were suppressed by the souldiers, and some of them are like to suffer.

Here was a riot might have equalled the Gordon riots, had the dreaded army not been at hand to strike promptly. Then follows surmise whether the Scots will come, and fears of ruin from their coming, as we discussed the Boer invasion of Natal. Later the Londoner writes how some three thousand men of Surrey have marched to petition Parliament; and forced their way through the guard into the Lobby; till being promised satisfaction "they being overjoyed departed into the hall crying a King a King." On this too loyal cry the guard—

sent for the rest of the horse at the Mewes at the foot at Whitehall who being come together took occasion at a Captaines boy being stricke . . . and fell upon the Countrymen who having but rods or sticks in their hands fled away. . . there are some 7 slaine and some 100 more wounded.

Such news gentlemen in that day wrote to country cousins; and it makes history very near and homely to us. But of such touches there is not very much in an antiquarian volume.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPEAN POLITY.** By Henry Sidgwick. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

This work embodies a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge University. In writing them Mr. Sidgwick had in view their ultimate publication to the world, but, unhappily, he did not live to revise them for that purpose. As defined by Mrs. Sidgwick, who has edited the manuscripts, the volume is "an evolutionary study of the development of polity within the historic period in Europe, beginning with the earliest known Græco-Roman and Teutonic polity, and carried down to the modern state of Europe and its colonies as the last result of political evolution." How complex was the task thus undertaken may be realised from Mr. Sidgwick's opening lecture, in which he surveyed the subject. All the propositions in this chapter are perfectly lucid; yet they are in so many cases modified by others that one ends with a feeling very like dismay.

Mr. Sidgwick, it will have been observed, set out upon the assumption that all the phenomena of his vast subject could be explained by the theory of evolution. Perhaps he was not wrong; but even if he was right, the task, it may be said, was one the complete accomplishment of which is surely beyond the power of mortal mind. If there really be a law of evolution, a law excluding the possibility that there may arise new forces having no connection with the past, how innumerable are the circumstances which constitute the environment of a State, and many of the most important now obscure! It is taken to be a fact, for example, that in a country where nature, by large rivers running through fertile plains, has favoured conveyance and communication, without favouring independence, civilisation develops on a purely monarchical basis. Who would have thought of that? Then, as not one in a score of reasonably competent philosophers would have discovered the fact for himself, how many are the facts that no one has discovered? and to what extent, if they came to light, would they change our best science of politics? Consider Imitation. Mr. Sidgwick himself notes it as "a disturbing cause which it is important to take into account" in making any generalisations as to the development of mankind in States. Parliamentary Government in modern Europe is, it seems, largely due to imitation, direct or indirect, of England. On the other hand, the countries that have adopted the system must on that very account be regarded as having had "a strong tendency towards a governmental form of this kind." On the third hand, if only there were one, "it would be rash to affirm that had there been no British constitution to imitate the Western European States generally would have had two-chambered legislatures." That is to say, assumably there is in the races of Europe a stream of tendency towards some ultimate polity or another, not yet definable; but in England the stream took a curve peculiar to the place and the curve was imitated elsewhere; and then, again, that is far from being the end of the marvel, since between the stream in one country and the stream in another there is what may be called synchronous vibration, tending to similarity of course; which, in its turn, is only a subordinate consideration, as we must not be so rash as to assume that we are ever at the bottom of the truth.

O, the tangle! The difficulty of expressing it grammatically shows what a burden of responsibility is evolved by the thinker who has nothing to say about that word "assumably," with which the tortuous theorem begins. Quite seriously it may be said that there is room for doubt as to whether, in the polity of nations, there is any definite stream of tendency at all, any principle that it would be more scientific to call evolutionary than to call empiric. What, for example, are we to make of the new influence in diplomacy of which the Prime Minister spoke joyously at the Lord Mayor's banquet? Mr. Sidgwick thought that the personal power of the Sovereign had disappeared

from our system of government permanently; but here it is again, and highly welcome. Is it through Evolution that it has come, or is it through genius? These two things do really seem rather incompatible.

Sull, all men must admire Mr. Sidgwick's great learning and his gift of exposition; also the tact and skill with which Mrs. Sidgwick has edited her husband's manuscripts, some of which were in confusion.

W. EARL HODGSON.

REDEN UND AUFSÄTZE. Von Adolf Harnack. (2 vols. Giessen: Töpelmann. 10s.)

PROFESSOR ADOLF HARNACK, who holds the Chair of Theology in the University of Berlin, is the most stimulating and most fertile of Church historians of the present day. His own words, "the worship of truth is worship of God, and in that sense shall ye pursue it," well serve to characterise his life and work. In these volumes he has collected certain speeches and essays ranging over a period of more than twenty years (1882-1903) that appeal to a wider circle of readers than is the case with his more strictly theological works. Harnack, like our own Huxley, is the possessor of a delightful style, the outcome of course of clear thinking, that makes abstruse subjects plain and even fascinating to ordinary intellects. Thus he finds his public not only among professed theologians or religious controversialists, but among all who take an interest in the religious and ethical questions that necessarily affect our every-day life.

In the first volume the speeches are so arranged that they represent the whole course of Church history. Beginning with legends as sources of history, there follow such subjects as Socrates and the Ancient Church, Augustine's Confessions, the ideals and history of Monasticism, the importance of Luther for the history of science and civilisation, Melancthon and Neander. In the second volume he deals with some of the Church problems of the present time, touching such questions as "Christianity and History," "The Moral and Social Importance of the Modern Striving after Culture," and "The Present Position of Protestantism."

We need not here take up the cudgels for or against Harnack's theological standpoint. He believes in seeking for truth in all that concerns the history of the Christian Church, and more or less follows Ritschl in giving prominence to the practical, ethical and social side of Christianity. In a speech at Giessen on the occasion of Luther's 400th birthday, Harnack declared that the future of Germany depended on overcoming the impulse toward indifference and stupidity, as also toward retrogression and obscurantism, and on aiming at a Christianity free in thought and deed.

But we may, if we so please, leave theology entirely aside, and read Harnack as we would any great thinker and humanist. As an example of his work in those regions we may study the fine lecture on Augustine's Confessions. It fascinates from beginning to end. He shows how Augustine was the first man to attempt to paint a picture of his soul, to give an exact description of a particular human being in his development from childhood to manhood in all his impulses, emotions, aims, and errors, and he limns his portrait with extraordinary power and insight. A most interesting comparison is instituted between Augustine's state of mind and that of Goethe's Faust. We cannot here do more than indicate the good things that are to be found in Harnack's book, but to all thoughtful persons its contents offer a rare pleasure. It may be mentioned that the essay in the second volume, "The present state of research in early Church History," is printed in an English translation which appeared in the "Contemporary Review" for August, 1886. Professor Harnack no longer possessed the German "copy" and did not feel inclined to re-translate it.

PICTURES OF BIRD LIFE ON WOODLAND, MEADOW, MOUNTAIN AND MARSH. By R. B. Lodge. (Bousfield. 27s. 6d.)

THIS is a really beautiful and worthy book, the colour and half-tone illustrations from the author's own photographs being admirably reproduced, in many cases things of beauty, and, in all, full not only of interest but also of scientific value. Nature-study has already, in a sense, begun to come into its own now-a-days, and the manner in which it is to be treated is one of the many important questions that have to be answered by students of education. It has already been abundantly proved that a great deal of so-called nature-study, as taught in many institutions, is a ridiculous waste of time, calculated to instil only an entire confidence in lack of method and a belief that Nature is a collection of objects sometimes beautiful and interesting, but totally unrelated to one another, illustrative of no order or unity, incoherently and arbitrarily set forth upon the stage of experience. Now nature-study—which might mean the whole realm of natural science, but does not—may well be made an instrument of the highest educational value, as well as an end in itself. A book like this has the value of accuracy and of first-hand observation, while the photographs have been chosen with so much judgment and executed with so much skill as to constitute a serious addition to the stock of scientific knowledge. Furthermore it has an interest for the lover of literature. Your poet studies nature, of course, and he has taught us that the nightingale sings only at night and that his song is a sad one. The idea is familiar, as in the German poem which Schubert has immortalised in his "Serenade." Keats speaks of the bird's "plaintive anthem," yet elsewhere in the same ode calls it an "ecstasy" and declares his sympathy with the bird's "happy lot." Now Mr. Lodge tells us that the nightingale sings by day as much as by night, and agrees with Keats—in one of his moods—by saying that its song "seems the result of intense joy." Elsewhere he shows, as so many have done before him, how accurate was Tennyson in his descriptions of nature. Indeed the conviction grows that here was a genius who had the poet's "love of love," and withal the keen and precise observation of a great scientist. But enough; for anyone who would disclaim the assertion that having eyes he sees not, this is a book which will enhance the value, utilitarian and æsthetic, of those priceless organs.

THE SEA SERVICES OF THE EMPIRE. By A. G. Cowie. (Treherne. 10s. 6d.)

IT is somewhat the custom to express a pained surprise at the fact that the professional classes of this country are ignorant of sea-life and of the work of the Royal Navy, which is the finest service in the world and which (incidentally) is the National Insurance Policy. But what does the doctor know of the work of the lawyer, the engineer of the artist, the clergyman of anything in the wide world beyond the purview of his own parish? Little or nothing to the purpose; yet these are working side by side. How, then, should they become acquainted with a life that is lived far off, beyond all land horizons? But, you say, as citizens of no mean Empire, they should take the trouble to learn of that strange, hard life of the sea, upon which all we have depends. True: but, after all, they have their work to do; and, meanwhile, they place entire trust in the Naval Officer and are justified of their faith. If they desire a moving and vivid picture of the Navy or the Mercantile Marine, there are but few writers who can present it; although those few, it seems, are by no means unregarded. If accurate information be required as to the actual commercial aspect, the work to be done and the pay to be earned in the Navy or in the Merchant Service, here is the very book. Mr. Cowie, in his "The Sea Services of the Empire, as Fields for Employment," gives full details of every branch of

that wide and intricate subject: Naval Officers, Marines, Naval Engineers, Naval Chaplains, Doctors, Secretaries, Paymasters, Clerks, Engine-Room and miscellaneous ratings, Coastguard, Indian Marine, Naval Reserve, Customs, Water-Police, Pilots, Merchant Service, and Fishermen—what's your fancy, or rather, what is your boy's fancy? Here are the hard facts of such callings; there is no better book in the market.

L. COPE CORNFORD.

THREE FRENCHMEN IN BENGAL; OR, THE COMMERCIAL RUIN OF THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN 1757. By S. C. Hill. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

TREATIES which make for the prolongation of peace are generally welcomed by the nations mainly concerned, but who shall deny that they tone down the interestingness of the world? Three years ago any book on our past, present, or prospective relations with the French would have been received with eagerness; but now, when we are to arbitrate instead of fighting over new causes of quarrel, even the best of books on the subject would stir only a languid curiosity. It is true that there are almost a score of old differences over which either France or England is still free to fire off an ultimatum when convenient; but that is not greatly to the advantage of Mr. Hill. Although it is just possible that we may yet have to withdraw our Ambassador in Paris, there is no likelihood that we shall have to do so over any question arising in India. All affairs between the French and ourselves in that region were settled long ago. Thus, it is with but a temperate excitement that one reads this history by Mr. Hill. Nevertheless, it will no doubt find an honoured place in the libraries of many whose ancestors helped in laying the foundations of our Indian Empire. In its way it is thorough. As Officer in Charge of the Records of the Government of India, Mr. Hill has had access to many documents unsought by ordinary historians, as well as, through the favour of Lord Powis, to unpublished letters by Lord Clive. A main purpose of Mr. Hill is to do justice to the British in the matter of the long-forgotten incidents.

FARMING. By W. M. Tod, M.A., Cambridge University Agricultural Department. With Illustrations by Lucy Kemp-Welch. (The "Haddon Hall Library," edited by the Marquess of Granby and Geo. A. B. Dewar. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

SUCH a good book! Thorough, simple, practical, and not a bit "faddy." On the very first page Mr. Tod strikes the right note by referring to the farm as an "extended garden, that reaches the acme of rural delight." Every right man is really a soil-lover at heart—but some of us get diverted from our original purpose. The author of "Farming" aims rather at the business-farmer-for-profit than the gentleman-farmer-for-pleasure, although there is no earthly reason why the two should not be combined. Farming can be made to pay, even nowadays, provided it is gone about in a business-like, practical way, with a certain amount of capital, a ready acquiescence in the shortcomings of Dame Nature, a vast deal of patience—and any amount of real hard work. Mr. Tod's manual is something more than a text-book, it is the modern farmer's *vade mecum*. The drawings of Miss Kemp-Welch add much to the value of the book; artistically, they are the cleverest things of their kind that have been done for years. The studies of horses at work, and especially the cows in "From the River Pastures," are quite beautifully composed, and express in every line the poetry of the Soil. These pictures alone would make the book a treasure.

MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS. Third Series. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

A FRESH series of pleasant, gossiping papers by that thorough sportsman and lover of the country, Sir Herbert

Maxwell. Arranged under the headings of the various months, each paper has some relation to the month which heads it; but otherwise you are never certain what exactly your fare will be. It may be a visit to Thessaly; it may be a fishing adventure; or it may be gossip on natural history, on the flowering of the blackthorn and the rejection of sloes by every animal save man—and he makes sloe-gin of them; or the bounden duty of taking plovers' eggs to



Illustration from "The Essays of Leigh Hunt," (Dent.)

promote the breeding of the plover. For Sir Herbert declares that the removal of her eggs causes the plover to lay again and the second laying has a better chance of protection from the growth of young corn and so forth. He says this has been borne out by the observation of a correspondent, who found that after the extensive taking of plovers' eggs for sale, the plovers to his amazement were more numerous than before. Perhaps fishing predominates, and Sir Herbert stoutly defends his favourite sport against the charge of cruelty. It is less cruel to take fish with the line than the net, he says; since in the latter case the suffering of fear is greatly prolonged, and the fish, he asserts, suffers more from fear than from the pain of the hook. Indeed, having had a hook in his own lip, he pronounces the pain very trifling. A pleasant book for all lovers of sport or nature.

OLD CAPE COLONY: A CHRONICLE OF HER MEN AND HOUSES FROM 1652 TO 1806. By Mrs. A. P. Trotter. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

DESPITE the plethora of South African books before, during, and since the war, no one has done exactly what Mrs. Trotter has most successfully accomplished in "Old Cape Colony." She has caught, by intimate knowledge and sympathy, exactly that note of quaint dignity and old-world charm that lingers about the old colonial homesteads in and around Capetown. It has hitherto been incommunicable, but Mrs. Trotter has had the *flair* to suggest what others have missed and to be eloquent in her reticence. The bare history of the Cape Colony from the time of Johan Van Riebeeck to our own days has been told again and again, but the author of this book, aided by Mr. H. C. V. Liebrandt, librarian of the Cape Houses of Parliament, has had special opportunities for studying archives and papers of the period. The result is a fascinating volume, embellished with some charming pictures of old colonial houses and bits of good old colonial-made furniture of teak and "stinkhoutboom" such as are not manufactured nowadays. Mrs. Trotter has been most fortunate in her selection of typical Colonial-Dutch architecture; such examples as the very old house at Stellenbosch, the Drostdy, Tulbagh, and the Paresonage, Paarl, which is reproduced on the cover, are

delightful specimens of old-time houses. The epitome of history which the authoress presents is accurate and serviceable.

**THE LIFE OF SAINT MARY MAGDALEN.** Translated from the Italian of an Unknown Fourteenth Century Writer by Valentinia Hawtrej, with an Introduction by Vernon Lee. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

THAT the author of this little romance was some "small burgher turned Franciscan late in life" is the guess hazarded, in her pleasant Introduction, by the lady known in literature as Vernon Lee; and we are glad that her discernment has suggested to so competent a scholar as Miss Hawtrej the enterprise of fitting it with an English dress. The fourteenth century fancy plays delightfully around the meagre details of the Gospel narrative, and presents the heroine in quite an unconventional light. The

small burgher is scrupulous in distinguishing between what happened and what may also have happened. "I think" is his saving clause on every page. Among the rest he thinks that the Magdalen was espoused to the Beloved Disciple, that it was at their wedding feast that Messer Jesus turned water into wine, that the bridegroom left her to follow Messer Jesus, and that the deserted bride, having grown reckless, got an ill name by defiance of the conventions of the good old days to the point of going whistling up and down the stairs. He is convinced that she never went so far as, in the matter for instance of immodest attire, the fashion of his own age permitted Italian ladies to go. In its directness and artistic simplicity and its wealth of homely detail the story reads like the work of some Boccaccio of the cloister; and fourteen illustrations taken from Italian painters happily illustrate the charming text.

## Fiction

**TWO SIDES OF THE FACE.** By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

MR. QUILLER-COUCH is a poet by virtue of a faculty for relating the mystery of life with the plain facts of it. This faculty particularly shines in his short stories, of which "Noughts and Crosses" remains the most distinguished collection. Of the eight in the present collection, only four are admirable, but all bear the polish proper to an artist in style. The first, "Stephen of Steens," is almost a masterpiece. Cornish Stephen, after hearing the will which gives his stepmother the ancestral freehold, ejects her, and occupies it in defiance of the sheriff and his soldiers. During the siege the woman is kidnapped, and saves her life by warning Stephen against committing fratricide on the unborn. In presence of the fact which consecrates the right of the stranger he abhors, Stephen is overwhelmed by his tragic contribution to the irony of the world, and with this catastrophe of enlightenment the tale rises above anecdote into poetry. In "The Horror on the Stair," another eighteenth century story, the power of fear to disfigure life is illustrated by a slanderous woman who hangs herself. To avoid Satan she marries a parson, but widowhood redoubles her feeling of insecurity, and, by unconfirmed supernatural suggestion, the reader shares her terror. Jocose fictions relieve the gloom of the book, but it is in the gloom that "Q" is most worth seeking.

**BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.** By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THERE is a fascination about Mr. John Oxenham's books which grows upon one. His "Under the Iron Flail" was strong and arresting; his "John of Gerisau" had a marked individuality; and now in his "Barbe of Grand Bayou" he fully maintains his former high level. Barbe, the daughter of a morose but kindly lighthouse-keeper, who, before the book opens, has murdered his faithless wife and her paramour, is a clean-cut fine-drawn character, human, alive, womanly, and real. Her history, as Mr. Oxenham tells it, is so simply related, with such convincing straightforwardness, that one is bound to admit that it could not have happened otherwise. It had to be. Alain Carbonec, of Plougastel, whom Barbe saves from drowning, and eventually marries, is a very possible sort of young man, and the tribulations of the pair of lovers are delightfully set forth with the art of the true storyteller. Quite one of the best books of the winter season; worth buying and reading; not merely ordering from the circulating library.

**THE HONOURABLE MOLLY.** By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

KATHARINE TYNAN'S Irish stories have always a certain charm of atmosphere. Nevertheless the reader is moved to wonder how a poet of distinction can produce prose work of a quality so ordinary. The only character in the novel which arrests attention for a moment is the quixotic Lord Cregga, who dies out of the book on the 24th page, leaving the field free for his three daughters. Of course, like all maidens of Irish fiction, Oonagh, Nora, and Molly are beautiful, unsophisticated and poor. The two first-named are twins, so the author seems to consider herself absolved from the necessity of differentiating them. Molly is somewhat more individual and her scheme of a flower farm is very pretty and idyllic

if something less than convincing. Some of the minor characters are cleverly and sympathetically sketched. Unfortunately the young people are quite colourless in comparison, and when, after the inevitable misunderstandings and re-adjustments, we are presented with five happy couples, the effect is more productive of laughter than of sympathy.

**LAURA'S LEGACY.** By E. H. Strain. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

ALL who recall the lofty heroism and vivid realism of "A Man's Foes," must turn with expectancy to a new work by its author. "Laura's Legacy" opens with a situation so rich in possibilities as to justify that faith, but the theme is not developed with the strength and subtlety of which the earlier chapters give promise. Lady Laura Barclay is wakened from the trance of despair which follows the tragic death of her husband and son by the curious legacy which she accepts as a gift from the grave. This gift is a baby girl, which comes to her in the hour of abandonment over their tomb in the village church. This infant of a few days she avows her own and allows this impression to win credence in the neighbourhood. The fact that the baby was taken from the breast of its dead mother, a nameless tramp, is known only to the Rector, Mr. Erskine, and Dr. Clarke. The secret is kept by the clergyman with many searchings of conscience, but the doctor justifies silence on professional grounds as Lady Laura's mental condition is critical. The suggested problems are most interesting, for Lady Laura carries on the deception in a passion of spiritual exaltation, believing that the singular circumstances which led to her assumption of motherhood were of Divine ordering, and the child is "God's Ward." The questions raised by this consecrated fraud, its effect upon the perpetrator, and the relations of the two thus strangely linked, should lift the book from the rank of mere personal stories to an ethical study. But all this is sacrificed to the drama of the outward life, and the invasion of the theatre "Alsatia" with all its sordid complications, jars upon the psychological interest of the book. The characterisation throughout is strong; Lady Laura most logical in her honourable holding to a dishonourable scheme; Eve delightful, with the artist strain, inherited from her father, a disreputable genius; and there are clever individual studies alike in county and Bohemian circles. But for the wrong there is no Nemesis, and lives entangled in falsehood and misconception are woven into too smooth a web. Art, if not life, demands the working out of justice.

**DR. XAVIER.** By Max Pemberton. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

CERTAIN conventional phrases fall thickly whenever romance appears of the type of "Doctor Xavier." Some speak of it as "fertile in imagination" and are usually wrong, and some say "bustling" and are invariably right. "Dr. Xavier," then, is a bustling romance, infertile in imagination and of unremarkable style. Mr. Pemberton attracts our interest by imagining a sort of enchanted palace in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, where a modern magian, presented by Mr. Greiffenhagen in a most up-to-date garb, endeavours to create a perfect ideal of Spanish beauty out of a good-looking English girl. Imagination has touched the idea of an operating-room "smothered in Gloire de Dijon roses from floor to ceiling," and the sense of unknown evil lurking in suave manners and prodigal comfort is cleverly suggested. But from this

promising beginning emerges nothing but commonplace. The little bogus kingdom of Mr. Pemberton's contemporaries has moved into Spain, and Mr. Pemberton stage-manages it less ably than Anthony Hope. Dr. Xavier figures there as a duke and traitor and the heroine has an opportunity for saying that justice "must be an unusual punishment in this country." The novel, in fact, is the work of a capable artificer in literature whose popularity is deserved by his careful attention to a taste which is juvenile and nothing better or worse.

THE SECRET IN THE HILL. By Bernard Capes. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MR. CAPES adventures the galleon of romance on a river of words so rich in poetic imagery that a critic has seldom heart to comment unfavourably on his navigation. If in the present case the artifice be, as of old, a little too evident, and the dialogue a little too choice, it is none the less certain that many children, besides his own to whom he dedicates his book, will almost frantically search its pages for the treasure that gorgeously tumbles into light in the last chapter. Most of the events unfolded happen in a smuggling town on the east coast of England, and the mystery to be solved is the true nature of a catastrophe, miscalled an earthquake, in which a number of smugglers disappeared. A dramatic beginning is made with a murder trial, in which the father of the supposed narrator dies in the court of justice after convincing the jury of his client's innocence. The romance is distinguished by an admirable clerical portrait. Mr. Sant is worthy to stand by Wynton Eversley's Dean of Darrendale. His carol shocks by its homely vulgarity of phrase, but we would prefer it to a dozen sham antiques. Of the beautiful passages in the book we especially commend that wherein a suspected man, touched by a child's confidence, sweeps the evil out of his eyes with a gesture of his hand. It is a poem felt as well as written.

TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. WELLS does not rely on his uncommon flight of fantasy alone to keep the attention of his reader. His amazing skill in twisting an accepted scientific fact to his own ends is as nothing compared with his technical facility in developing a story, his sympathy, and his realism, and his detail carefully worked up carries the whole superstructure, however preposterous, along with it as a matter of course. In this present volume all the stories are not fantastic. The reader may select the extraordinary proposition conveyed in "The New Accelerator," or may turn to the pathos of "Filmer," the aeronaut, or to "Mr. Ledbetter's Vacation." Alas! poor Ledbetter, sacerdotalist and chess-player, so secure, so stagnant, so methodical! He longs to bring colour into life, and tries amateur burglary, on the inspiration of boarding-house whisky. This story is one of the best. Or "Jimmy Goggles, the God," the adventures of a wrecker who is captured in full diving-dress by some man-eating blacks. They regard him as a sea-god, and he plays up to them, inflating and deflating his figure by means of the compressed air. He is worshipped, carried into battle, fattened on the smouldering fumes of luckless captives. He might have achieved immortality but for the inopportune arrival of a missionary. Or "The Truth about Pycraft," a fat gentleman who loses weight so effectually that he floats around the ceiling of his room, but succeeds occasionally in reaching ground by taking from the top shelves of his library odd volumes of the British Encyclopedia (tear edition). This supplies the loss of specific gravity. Mr. Wells has done all this before, but never with more success and in such variety.

MR. POOR RELATIONS: STORIES OF DUTCH PEASANT LIFE. By Maarten Maartens. (Constable. 6s.)

FOURTEEN short stories of the Dutch peasantry by the well-known writer who takes the pen-name of Maarten Maartens. The stories reveal his customary qualities. He has the art of the short story at his finger-ends: in construction he never fails. Simplicity and simple pathos he has at command: they appear in all these tales. The "local colour" of Dutch peasant-life, so different from our own, yet with a certain kinship which makes it less remote than that of France or Spain, or any of the Latin countries, affords a picturesqueness which makes for interest and popularity in England. The chief drawback with some of the stories, it seems to us, is the reproduction of Dutch peasant-speech by corresponding English forms, or what are supposed to be corresponding English forms. With their peculiarly English suggestions and associations they jar on the Dutch local colouring, and appear out of harmony with the Dutch *mise en scène*.

"I'd have taken my dockment straight to the Burgomaster, and he'd 'ave given me every penny," or "by George," or "Hang it. . . I'm after your daughter. Leastways was"; these things scare all illusion of Holland from one's mind, as the plump

of a pebble in water breaks up the mirrored scenery. Withal, as English lower-class speech it is somewhat weak and conventional: the dropping of the "h," for instance, scarcely belongs to the speech of the English rustic, but is Cockney or lower middle-class. Therefore we prefer those stories on which this element does not intrude, such as the excellent tale called "The Mother," with its true and unforced pathos. Whether, by the way, in some of these stories the pathos is not a little mannered in regard to structure, may be a question.

THE BONDAGE OF BALLINGER. By Roswell Field. (Fleming H. Revell Company. 3s. 6d. net.)

"THE BONDAGE OF BALLINGER" is not a novel, nor is it an essay, nor a biography, nor exactly a tale. Yet it is somewhat a combination of all three; and we might best, perhaps, describe it as a fictitious biography. It belongs, in fact, to that kind of tale which Hawthorne invented so successfully in books like "The House with the Seven Gables"; the kind which is mainly a study of one character under fictitious surroundings, and is half fiction, half essay, and all sentiment. It is the study and story of an old book-lover and bookseller, whose passion for books grievously interferes with the sale of them, and whose sanguine, childlike nature is unbalanced by any business capacity. He is the old booklover of fiction, whom one seldom meets in real life, though variants of him are not uncommon. In delineating him Mr. Roswell Field (brother of the poet, Eugene Field) has certainly profited much by the study of Hawthorne. The delicacy, the gentleness, the subtle scholarly flavour, all suggest Hawthorne. But it is no mere essay in the school of that writer. Mr. Field has very evidently written himself into it; it has been the book of his love. We should know this without glancing at the fine, sensitive, benevolent face of the author himself, which forms the frontispiece, and might—but for the too intellectual brow—almost stand for the face of his book-lover. This story of the irreclaimable bibliophile, and the troubles he brings on his patient, unliterary wife and himself, overflows with sweet and kindly sentiment, only saved (indeed) from a sentimental excess by its vein of gentle humour. The whole picture of Thomas Ballinger's household is delightful; and one condones as necessary to the kindheartedness of the book a happy ending which could never have happened.

DENIS DENT. By E. W. Hornung. (Isbister. 6s.)

SHIPWRECK, gold fever, snakes, intercepted letters, Crimean war: thus, in brief, runs the recipe for "Denis Dent." But those who eat pastry know that much depends on the hand that revolves the rolling pin, and Mr. Hornung shows that a skilful pen can give life and swing to the bones of a venerable plot. His description of the goldfields of Ballarat as they were in 1852 or 1853 is of its kind one of the best we have read. The incident of the digger awaking in fly-blown blankets conveys a sense of the price paid for quickly gotten wealth more eloquently than any reading of the thermometer; and the information that "in some of the shop windows the things were marked VERY DEAR," happily illustrates the plutocratic insolence of Melbourne in the days when it was a "canvas city." Although his name is not given, the late Marquis of Salisbury will be easily recognised in Mr. Hornung's aristocratic digger, who "went his way, as it might have been down Pall Mall—at the same pace, and with the same carriage—in his deplorable trousers and his long-suffering top-boots." The weak point of the story is undoubtedly the treatment of the gentleman-villain, who is palpably pulled by a string. The book pleases notwithstanding defects which seem part of its convention, and we wish it well.

THE LOG OF A COWBOY. By Andy Adams. (Constable. 6s.)

THIS "Narrative of the Old Trail Days" is given with simple and convincing realism, and has its interest both as a vivid chapter in a human story and the record of a phase of life in the Wild West, now historic. The trail followed is from the mouth of the Rio Grande River to the Blackfoot Indian Reservation in Montana. Only a map, which fails in the volume, could give a clear idea of the route through the territories, the course of the great rivers and the "divides" crossed. The hero is a young trail hand in a group of fourteen men, which with one hundred and forty horses and four mules constitute the working force in driving, on a five months' run, a herd of thirty-one hundred head of cattle. The story is full of incident, perils at fords, the torture of dry drives, dramatic surprise of stampedes, and conflicts with "rustlers." The impression left is of strength, patience, endurance, rather than of the bravado and brilliancy of the cowboy in fiction. But the book does not fail of stories in the vernacular, of the humours of the road, gambling devilries and shooting affrays, and the funeral service of one comrade is given with a quiet solemnity most impressive.

[Continued on page 572.]

## Short Notices

## General

THE POETICAL WORKS OF FREDERICK J. JOHNSTON-SMITH. (Skeffington and Son. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Johnston-Smith claims a certain originality for his work in that it deals with themes of "Greater Britain," and the scenery of our colonies. But surely we have a fair number of poets who have already dealt with such themes, and notably Mr. Kipling has made "Greater Britain" a familiar topic to all readers of poetry. The author further surmises that, while poetry may be unpopular which calls for "much mental effort in the reading," it is not so with "that which may be read for refreshment," to which his own work is "A humble contribution." It is like enough these poems may be popular, as well-meaning and readily comprehensible verse often is. But though "much mental effort" is no essential requirement of poetry, it is also the case that more goes to poetry, however unassuming, than the mere qualification of being easy to read. High moral aims are insufficient; as someone has said, high aims are "plentiful as blackberries." The author gives the impression of a practical man with a certain emotional capacity, but an insufficient sense of what is meant by poetic execution. And it is the way a thing is said which makes it poetry. The author is of a voluminousness which suggests copious facility, and passes readily from lengthy narrative to lyric verse. But, with excellent sentiment, there is a general level of undistinguished expression, which at times becomes actually prosaic.

ROUSSEAU, AND NATURALISM IN LIFE AND THOUGHT. By William Henry Hudson. (T. and T. Clark. 3s.) In the first part of this addition to the series known as "The World's Epoch-makers," Professor Hudson admirably and by no means over-indulgently summarises the "Confessions." He presents, on the whole, a vivid and well-composed picture of the strange amalgam of contradictions which for a hundred years has fascinated and disgusted the world. In the second, he epitomises Rousseau's literary output, and he winds up with a brilliant little essay on his place in the social history of the world. Jean Jacques Rousseau's claim to a niche in the category of epoch-makers hardly needs vindication. Byron hailed him as an apostle of Nature; to Shelley "Julie" was a masterpiece of "sublimest genius and more than human sensibility"; he had awakened her, George Eliot declared, "to new perceptions" and "made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling." If not the author of the romantic movement which reached its height in the opening years of the nineteenth century, he was its supreme master. He discovered, says Professor Hudson, and made popular that *culte de moi* which has never since been wholly abandoned; and this in an age when, as it was wittily said by a contemporary, men bore in their bosoms, for a heart, another brain. The gorgeous rhetoric in which he uttered his thought swayed the men of his day like leaves. That thought was often enough of the nature of a mirage; his conclusions sprang out of premises that corresponded with no fact; but in their true nature they were the intuitions of genius, and as such they could not be evaded.

HISTOIRE DE LA LANGUE UNIVERSELLE. Par L. Conturat and L. Leau. (Paris: Hachette.) An expert examination, mostly from a philological point of view, of all the attempts at the formation of construction of a universal language, from that of Descartes (1629) to Esperanto, Volapuk, and *la langue bleue* of our own time. Many of them, such as Dil, Balta, Orba, Pasilingua, and Lingua Komun well repay study, but no one is found to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect language. A most valuable work for linguistic historians.

FROM JOURNALIST TO JUDGE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Frederic Condé Williams. (Edinburgh: G. A. Morton; Simpkin, Marshall.) A chatty and pleasantly-written record of a not particularly eventful life. The author has been Judge of the Supreme Court of Mauritius; Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Natal; Judge of the Northern District Court of Jamaica; Editor of the "Birmingham Daily Gazette," and of the "Windsor Gazette and Eton College Journal." This is a mighty fine array of titles, but really nothing in particular happened anywhere, and the judge gossips intimately about this nothing in particular. For a short time the author worked in Paris in the office of "The Times" as assistant to M. de Blowitz, whose memoirs have recently been published; his portrait of the great little man is hardly flattering, though doubtless very true—but then no man is a hero to his journalistic colleague. Judge Williams is certainly more journalist than judge. He turns out excellent and entertaining "copy," but there is little that is judicial about his work.

THE PLOT OF THE PLACARDS AT RENNES, 1802. (LE COMLOT DES LIBELLES.) By Gilbert Augustin-Thierry. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. (Smith, Elder. 6s.) This study of Conspirators and Police under Napoleon was originally published, a twelvemonth ago, in the "Revue des deux Mondes," and forms the first of a series, promised by M. Augustin-Thierry, under the general title of "Conspireurs et Gens de Police." In our own time the quiet little town of Rennes is connected with a very different matter, but one hundred years ago the Plot of the Placards was an historical event, of which the true inwardness has never hitherto been set forth. M. Thierry has delved in the police archives of the time, and tells the tale of the plot lucidly and simply, and in a pleasant narrative style which gives his work almost the air of a novel of the period—but his history is thoroughly sound. The translation by Mr. Chater is adequate, if not remarkable.

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS IN THE CENTURY. By T. H. S. Escott. (Chambers. 5s. net.) If this volume of the "Nineteenth Century Series" wears a somewhat belated air it is not because it has not been brought anxiously up to date. The death of Queen Victoria is duly chronicled, and her successor's claims upon the regard and affection of the Anglo-Saxon race are set duly forth. Indeed, they constitute a fitting climax to a work which obviously has for its aim to confirm in men of good will their allegiance to the Royal House. To that end the history of the country from the earliest days is reviewed in its bearing upon the royal prerogative and the present place of the Crown in the Constitution. It need hardly be said that nought is set down in malice; and when the faults of a sovereign are matter of common knowledge, they are at least made to exalt by contrast the merits of the lady to whom, in the course of the narrative, reference is usually made as happily reigning. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his capacity of editor, seems to have been successful in imparting to his collaborator a portion of his own genial spirit.

THE TOUCH OF GOD, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Hugh Macmillan. (S. C. Brown. 3s. 6d.) This addition to the "World's Pulpit Series" is from a dead hand. That circumstance seems to add the finishing touch—that in a merely literal sense is lacking—to Dr. Macmillan's wise and gentle words. They come from a preacher abundantly furnished by life-long study of the Bible for the criticism of everyday life; furnished with illustration and comparison, with metaphor and motive. It interests one to see how far the scriptures, taken plainly and literally, may be made, in an age of rather morbid self-analysis, to go. All the pale ghosts that since the days of Wellhausen have been summoned out of the dead past, and a kindly man, who has known human joy and sorrow and has watched with a fatherly eye the desires and the afflictions of his people, sets himself to show them, from the book that is in all their hands, how the law of suffering is "just and good and right," as in the first ages it was vindicated by him that was not worthy to be called an apostle.

RUSKIN AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. By the late Dean Farrar. (Allen. 6d. net.) Originally delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, the late Dean Farrar consented to its republication, and himself revised it shortly before his death. This handy booklet will no doubt be very welcome to all Ruskin students.

PORTRAITS OF THE SIXTIES. By Justin McCarthy. (Unwin. 15s. net.) A series of chatty, pleasant pictures of celebrities of the 'sixties—Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Bright, Ruskin, the Bancrofts, &c. Nothing very new, but all very agreeable. A book to dip into.

HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES. Compiled by Mrs. Perceval Mackrell. (Allen.) A welcome work for all students and lovers of hymnology; careful, accurate and painstaking.

THE TEMPEST, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, MEASURE FOR MEASURE, THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Edited by W. J. Craig. (The "Little Quarto" Shakespeare. Methuen. 1s. net each.) Wonders will never cease! Here we have in daintily bound, clearly printed volumes, the plays of Shakespeare, with introductions and adequate notes. A pocket edition without which no pocket should be.

BYGONE LONDON LIFE. By G. L. Apperson. Illustrated. (Elliot Stock.) A pleasant chatty volume, making no pretence to historical value. A book for Londoners on a rainy day, a kind of "branie" into which the reader may dip with certainty of capturing some amusing or interesting plum of London gossip. The illustrations are many, but of varying merit.

## Reprints and New Editions

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. (Heywood. 3d.) Another edition of FitzGerald's, with the notes and introductions.

He who charmed the wise at Naishápúr

Seven centuries since, still charms the wise to-day in this excellent threepenny (!) reprint.

THE ESSAYS OF LEIGH HUNT. Edited by Arthur Symonds. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.) "The triviality of yesterday becomes, to the reader of to-day, a part of history." The trivialities of yesterday, as shown in Leigh Hunt's graceful essays, and as illustrated by H. M. Brock, are full of charm. No one could have better caught the spirit and gentle fancy of Leigh Hunt than this illustrator. The drawings are quite delightful, as is the whole "get up" of the book.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. (Bell. 6s. net.) Here we have an illustrator worthy of this charming book. Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations are excellent, full of dignity and thought. We note that they have been reproduced by lithography from drawings made for the Chiswick Shakespeare. Altogether a handsome volume.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN. MAURICE DE GUÉRIN. By Matthew Arnold. SOME GREAT CHURCHES IN FRANCE. By Morris and Pater. THE LEGEND. By Madame Krasinska. By Vernon Lee. THE DEAD LEMAN. By Gautier. (Lang and Sylvester.) THROWN JANET, and MARKHEIM. By Stevenson. (Thomas B. Mosher.) A cabinet of gems. Six dainty volumes, each enclosed in a case and the whole fitted into a charming box. Nothing could be more delightful for a Christmas gift to anyone who esteems dainty literature in dainty form.

LIFE IN LONDON. By Pierce Egan. "Illustrated Library of Plain and Coloured Books." (Methuen. 4s. 6d. net.) The funniments of Egan have grown old-fashioned, but his "Day and Night Scenes" will always possess interest for students of other days and other ways in London town. Of the reprint itself all that needs be said is that it is as good as the others in this series, it could not be better.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. (Smith, Elder. 3 vols. Leather, 3s. net each; cloth, 2s. 6d. net each.) A re-issue of the six-volume edition in three pocket volumes printed upon India paper, conforming to the fashion of the moment for small handy volumes. Each volume has a portrait frontispiece of Mrs. Browning. Those who have not so much space on their book shelves as they could wish will eagerly welcome these dainty little volumes.

a M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS, b THE ODES OF HORACE, c IN MEMORIAM. (Pocket Book Classics. Bell. With leather pocket book and diary, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. net. Separately 2s. net.) This series is intended for "the mere man who loves literature, and who wishes to carry with him in his pocket book, not a compilation of technical tables, rules or formulae, but a favourite volume from the pages of which he can gleam mental refreshment." Now we can keep our literature with our season ticket and our stamps for use on all and every occasion.

THE SCARLET LETTER. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (The Handy Volume Edition. Brown, Langham, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.) The special feature of the edition, of which this is the first volume, is the critical introduction to each volume by Professor Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley College. Strongly bound and well printed.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. (The Little Folks' Edition. Macmillan. 1s. 6d. net each.) One wonders at first how these two small volumes could possibly contain Lewis Carroll's two stories, but on reading the publisher's note one finds that only those portions of the stories and those pictures suitable for very small tots have been here reprinted. Large clear print, admirably adapted for childish eyes.

JAMES SHIRLEY. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, M.A. "The Mermaid Series." (Unwin.) Another thin paper reprint in this useful series. Would Lamb welcome these handy little volumes as comrades to his beloved folios? Multum in parvo.

LYCIDAS AND OTHER ODES. Milton. With illustrations by R. Anning Bell. ("The Carillon Series." Bell. Leather, 2s. 6d.; boards, 1s. 6d., net.) The illustrations are worthy of the occasion. It is pleasant to have so good matter in so good form.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Edited by M. H. Spielmann. (New Series, Vol. I., 1903.) A feast of good reading and admirable pictures; a credit to British writers, artists, engravers and printers; fine writing on all the fine arts.

## New Books Received

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Christian Apologetics: A Series of Addresses delivered before the Christian Association of University College, London.....(Murray) net	2/6
Moule, D.D. (H. C. G.), Bishop of Durham, Temptation and Escape.....(Seeley)	1/0
Idealism and Dogma, An Open Letter, to the most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Meath, from Arthur H. Harrington, M. A.....(Watts & Co.)	
Walpole, D.D. (Rev. G. H. S.), The People's Psalter.....(Stock) net	2/0
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Machen (Minnie Gresham), The Bible in Browning, with particular reference to the Ring and the Book.....(Macmillan) net	6/6
Douglas (George), The Book of Jeremiah, with Introduction and Notes (Hodder and Stoughton)	6/0

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Carman (Bliss), From the Green Book of the Bards.....(Murray) net	2/6
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Falconer (Agnes S.), Whinblossom, A Book of Verses.....(James Swan & Co.)	3/6
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Selections from the Poems of George Darley, with Introduction and Notes by R. A. Streetfield.....(Methuen) net	1/6
Crowley (Aleister), The God-Eater, A Tragedy of Satire.....(Watts)	
Madhaviah (A.), Poems (Introduction by the Rev. J. M. Russell, M.A.) (Srinivasa, Varadachari & Co.)	
Browne (W. Hand), The Taill of Rauf Collyear, a Scottish Metrical Romance of the Fifteenth Century.....(The Johns Hopkins Press) net	\$1.00
Keary (O. F.), Rigel, an Autumn Mystery.....(Nutt)	3/6
Lea (John), Verses.....(Macmillan) net	1/0
Gingold (Hélène), Flowers of the Field.....(Digby, Long) net	3/6
Stanfield (Abraham), Poems, Sonnets and Translations.....(Macmillan) net	3/6
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Boult (Katharine F.), The Life of Hector Berlioz, as written by Himself in his Letters and Memoirs, translated from the French.....(Dent) net	3/6
Wolsley (Field-Marshal Viscount), The Story of a Soldier's Life. 2 vols. (Constable) net	32/0
Boscawen (W. St. Chad), The First of Empires, "Babylon of the Bible," in the light of latest research.....(Harper) net	10/6
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Seaton, M.A. (R. C.), Napoleon's Captivity in relation to Sir Hudson Lowe. (Bell) net	5/0
O'Brien (R. Barry), Studies in Irish History, 1649-1775.....(Macmillan)	3/6
Dix (Beulah Marie), The Life, Treason and Death of James Blount of Breckenhow.....(Macmillan)	6/0
Windsor (Lord), John Constable, R.A.....(Scott) net	3/6
Buckland, M.A. (A. R.), edited by, Champions of the Truth, Short Lives of Christian Leaders in Thought and Action.....(R.T.S.)	3/6
Pike (G. Holden), John Wesley, The Man and His Mission.....( )	1/6

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Bradley (A. G.), Canada in the Twentieth Century.....(Constable) net	16/0
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## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Dresser (Horatio W.), Man and the Divine Order, Essays in the Philosophy of Religion and in Constructive Idealism.....(Putnam's Sons) net	\$1.60
Davis, M.A. (J. R. Ainsworth), The Natural History of Animals: The Animal Life of the World in its various Aspects and Relations. Half-vol. V. (Gresham Publishing Co.)	7/0
Barclay (James W.), A New Theory of Organic Evolution.....(Blackwood) net	3/6
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Comte (Auguste), A Discourse on the Positive Spirit: Translated by E. S. Beesly, M.A.....(Reeves) net	2/0

## MISCELLANEOUS

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Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research, translated and slightly abridged from the French of M. Sage, by Nora Robertson, with a Preface by Sir Oliver Lodge.....(Brimley Johnson) net	3/6
University College of North Wales Calendar, 1903-4.....(Brimley Johnson) net	1/6
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Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland.....( )	
Buckie (Henry), The Beggar or the Soldier: Gautama or Mahomet? (Baker and Son, Clifton) net	1/0
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Campbell (Lady Colin), A Woman's Walks: Studies in Colour Abroad and at Home.....(Nash) net	6/0
Boikin, C.M. (Rev. Richard C.), How to Reason, or The A.B.C. of Logic Reduced at Practice.....(Browne and Nolan) cloth, net	1/6
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Maitland (Ella Fuller), From my Window in Chelsea.....(Smith, Elder) net	3/6
Lawrence (Arthur), Journalism as a Profession.....(Hodder and Stoughton)	3/6
Gibson (John), Guide to the Civil Service.....( )	3/6

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## Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

## III.—On the Best Reasons.

I HAVE an acquaintance whose agitated existence is spent in listening to the twitters of "little birds," and the murmuring of "on dits," and the rumble of "certain rumours." Her vivacious hearing, moreover, is coupled with considerable facility in speech: she repeats the twitters, the *on dits*, and the rumours, while her enthusiasm is such that she would sooner see her best friend unhappy for life than find any one of the twitters untrue, or even inaccurate. She has always the best reason, unfortunately (she will add), for knowing the contrary of any pleasant supposition. Now, if she were not an excellent woman in a number of ways she would not be worth discussion; but she is so kind to the poor and so obliging to the necessitous, that no student of humanity could refrain from studying, *con amore*, her case. Her conscientious employment of that strange abstract—the *best reason*—is, in itself, a bait for the highest and driest, as well as the most human and genial, among philosophic minds. What is the best reason? Who, on earth, is not in quest of it? Who, of the learned, has not attempted to define it? My acquaintance, at the least sign of doubt in a fellow creature, announces firmly that she has the best reason for her opinion: she seems certain: she triumphs: and not infrequently she looks sky-ward after the delivery of her narrative for some picturesque miracle indicative of providential approbation. Once, in a bold mood, I asked her whether she ever had the worst reasons for a particular belief. She showed much forbearance, but no understanding, and I have been told since that she kept her temper by remembering the stories which had reached her of my unquestionable eccentricity. I was haunted, however, by my own speculations: where do the best reasons come from? Is the Little Bird's twitter final? Or does the acceptance of a reason on the part of others depend on our own air of infallibility in proclaiming it? It would seem that the

great art is to acquire the convinced air. My own few strong opinions are based on years of reasearch, tests, experiments, and observation; but I have never heard the Little Bird, and, for all my work, I am timid in the presence of my acquaintance who hears the Little Bird every day without any trouble or thought. She meets some one in the street; they converse on the weather; a name may be mentioned; a second name may be introduced; the trick is done:—

"The Mallerbys have lost their money, and Miss, who thought herself an heiress, will have nothing. Major Hawkins ought to be warned in time."

Or it may be a larger matter:—

"Lord Brickshire refused the Secretaryship because Lady B. wants him to wait for something better. The Duke is in despair because Lord B. is the stupidest man they can have, with any safety, in the Cabinet."

All these statements seem credible enough, and they might be accepted on their surface value. But cases arise which are not plausible at all, which contradict all we know about the individuals in question and life as it strikes the least subtle: nevertheless, any person of ingenuous stupidity who will tattle on the Best Reason basis will be thought, on the whole, right, when a wiser person, who might attempt to point out improbabilities in a rumour, would be condemned as being, on the whole, wrong. The best reason is often another name for industrious lying. There is, to give praise where it is deserved, a fine energy in the iniquitous Little Bird: she loves her own false little songs; she is never weary of singing them: and as more truthful creatures are generally languid, or cautious, or mute, the Little Bird has a grateful expectant world ever listening for her revelations. It is unjust to blame her inventive faculty, and, when I remember how my diligent acquaintance will walk miles, and write hundreds of notes, and attend innumerable functions in her zeal for the propaganda of fables, I feel that some reproach is due to the veracious and prudent who will take no trouble at all to spread facts.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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## A Function of Biography

THERE are many different ways of looking at the course of man's history. There is, for instance, what Spencer calls the "biographical view of human affairs," which conceives of history as made by the all-important and determining factor of great men's lives. This is the view of Carlyle, in his first lecture on heroes: "As I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the Great Men who have worked here." *Per contra*, a recent author endeavours to show that the whole history of mankind has been conditioned by mechanical appliances—the wheel, the spear, the steam engine, the dynamo, and so forth. Without attempting here to discuss the truth or untruth of these views, we may at any rate admit that *thought*, as well as great men and machines, has influenced history and will influence it in time coming far more than in the past. The thought, of course, was derived from great men, and who will deny that the relation of a man to the thought of his time is a significant part of his history; or, in other words, that it should be one of the chief functions of biography to describe the relation of a man to the progress of contemporary thought, as well as his relations with, let us say,

his contemporaries? For men and political parties are ephemeral, but thought is eternal.

And this is where one must venture to comment upon Mr. Morley's "Gladstone." It would be quite uncalled for here to decry what is, I have no doubt, a great piece of work. Of course one accepts implicitly the verdict that this is a great political biography, and politics are a very interesting, if somewhat futile study. None of us would miss his morning's paper—any more than he would re-read yesterday's. But during Mr. Gladstone's lifetime other things were happening. The whole of philosophic thought was being recast, for instance. Men, long hence—when Ireland or England is under the waves of a new ocean, and there is no more "Irish Question," let us say—will remember the nineteenth century and the supreme thought which we call "evolution," and their interest in Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury (both of them opponents of evolution) will centre in the relations of these men, not to their long-forgotten contemporaries, but to the epoch-making thought of their time. Now Mr. Gladstone, courageous and eager controversialist, engaged in at least two discussions of the first importance in this relation; one with Huxley and one with Spencer. We will let

pass the extraordinary fact that it was possible to write the life of Mr. Gladstone without a single reference (as far as I can discover) to his greatest contemporary, though the two men had a public discussion on a subject of the highest philosophical importance—a discussion which not only threw much light upon Mr. Gladstone's intellect, but was also an important episode in the history of thought. We will also refrain from imagining the perplexity of the future student of the nineteenth century, who will refer from his Spencer to Mr. Gladstone's life for further light on the controversy which, of course, is certain of perpetuation, and finds no mention of it in the official biography. But imagine, if you can, the astonishment of the student of nineteenth century thought when he reads elsewhere the Huxley-Gladstone controversy and finds, to his enlightenment, in the statesman's official life, a note to the effect that on a certain day in a certain year Mr. Gladstone corrected the proofs of "an article" on Huxley!

Attention has not been drawn elsewhere to omissions which seem incomprehensible, so we venture to wonder whether Mr. Morley thought these episodes not worth mentioning, or whether this is an extreme instance of what Mr. Wells, in a brilliant phrase, calls "the ironical silences that follow great controversies."

C. W. SALEEBY.

## The English Theatre

**T**HE English theatres seem very democratic to my view! The King and Queen as well as the railway-workmen and laundresses enjoy themselves together by seeing those famous "Stars" in the same theatre at the same time!

I am one of the "earnest" play-goers, not only because my nature is fond of theatres, but also because I believe that the theatres are the very places for strangers to find out the "taste" of the town peoples. Let me compare the English stage with the Japanese! To my idea, the English theatre lacks one thing. That is "Joruri." There is no equivalent word in English. The Japanese orchestras are composed of some musicians and the "chorus" who help the actor by singing out all that the actor is supposed to be thinking, while the actor himself shows his emotion by the gestures and the expression of his face. This is what we call "Joruri." Here I give an example from a Japanese play. Mitsuhide, the betrayer, is trying to assassinate General Hisayoshi, who is hiding himself in a cottage:—

JORURI: "There appears Mitsuhide!"

Mitsuhide, disguising himself, comes out from behind the cottage.

MITSUHIDE: "Certainly! Certainly! It is quite certain that my enemy Hisayoshi is hiding himself in this cottage!"

JORURI: "Hush! I must not disturb the croaking of frogs in this garden, or my enemy shall be alarmed!"

At the same time, Mitsuhide himself shows by his manner how he is cautioned.

Let it be on English stage! Mitsuhide would come forward, and, perhaps putting one hand to his mouth, speak out what he is thinking. It is not "real" at all. In fact, if he talks so loud, the frogs would cease their croaking and the enemy would be alarmed too! I wonder if they could not apply "Joruri" to the English stage?

Now let me talk about "acting." In the Japanese drama, the acting is entirely conventional and is fixed. Such a little detail as to raise up the eyebrow or even to smile, must be done after some fixed mode. The dialogue is quite different from usual conversation, somewhat musical. In English drama, I see the acting is "real" and quite free. I have often witnessed same play for several times and found out the little details of acting vary every time.

About the actors, it is strange to say that Sir Henry Irving's long face has striking likeness with Danjuro's, while Mr. Tree's voice undeniably resembles that of Sadanji's. Their positions on the stage are respectively equivalent. When Mr. Tree plays such pieces as "Three Musketeers," or "The Resurrection," he always makes me recollect Sadanji, but I am afraid Sadanji could not take Mr. Tree's place as "Bottom" or "Falstaff." They are so poetical. I must say London has most brilliant "Stars" in its dark fogs.

YOSHIO MARKINO.

## Dramatic Notes

**M**ANY have asked how M. Sardou could have found it in his heart so to mangle the life of Dante as he has done in the play produced—alas!—by Sir Henry Irving. I understand that the dramatist really believed that he was adhering to fact, being misled by a blunder in the French translation of the Divine Comedy. In the fifth canto Dante's meeting with Pia is thus translated: "Ah! quand il sera de retour dans l'autre monde, et reposé de la longue route, dit un troisième esprit au second, ressouvient-il de moi qui suis la Pia: Sienne m'a faite, la Maremme m'a dé faite; il le sait bien celui-là qui, peu avant mes noces, m'avait liée à lui par Gemma." "That man" was Nello, not Dante, whom the shade of Pia does not address in the French version. Further, Dante's "gemma" instead of being translated "bijou" is rendered as "Gemma," the Gemma of Sardou! A veritable mare's nest indeed.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE's production of "The Darling of the Gods," the "Japanese" play which was so successful in New York, will be all the more interesting in that he has not only decided to play in it himself, but has engaged Miss Lena Ashwell for the part played so well in America by Miss Blanche Bates. "Japanese" plays in England have not always, to put it kindly, been mounted in a manner at all satisfactory to those who know Japan, but in the present instance accuracy will be secured, as Mr. Tree has asked the assistance and advice of a well-known Japanese artist, now resident in London.

THE amateur actor is a stock subject for more or less good-humoured banter, but after all he does no mean service in the "cause of the drama." Many amateurs have more experience and expertness than some professional actors drawing good salaries. It is in the choice of plays that amateur clubs fail to do themselves justice, more particularly those in London and its suburbs. It is almost the rule to select plays which have fairly recently been performed at London theatres by well-known players; surely it would be better to choose from plays less known and—to say the least—equally excellent? The older plays are the more suitable in that they provide a larger choice of good acting parts and require an all-round cast, whereas modern plays too frequently are written for two "stars," and the minor characters are practically minimus. From Marlowe to, say, Charles Reade there are multitudinous plays which amateur clubs might well revive, with advantage to themselves and their audiences, instead of limiting their choice, as they too often do, to plays written within the last few years.

THE question raised recently as to the wearing of evening dress when visiting the theatre is not so light a one as at first sight it may appear to be. On the continent, and to a certain extent in New York, evening dress is not so great a fetish, and the theatre not so much a society function as it is over here. In many a German town, for example, there are an admirable opera house and a first

class theatre, nightly attended by the good citizens in their ordinary costumes. The seats are cheap, the performances excellent, and the theatre and the opera are part of the daily life of the burg. Over here the opera would be non-existent if it were not for the support of the wealthy, and the theatre is a "treat." If prices could be somewhat lowered, and ordinary dress, enabling the wearers to use omnibus or train with comfort, could be abolished, I believe theatrical managers would find their way made easier and more profitable.

SUDERMANN has not very wisely printed a vindication of his "Sturmgesele," with the consequence that the German Liberal press has with great warmth defended the Liberal party from the dramatist's assertion that while demanding free food and free light they taboo free thought. But as the great Liberal organ, the "Vossische Zeitung" observes: "When they are good, Sudermann's pieces will be applauded, no matter what political party they favour; his latest comedy is good neither as a work of art nor as a political demonstration. Liberalism will live longer than the 'Sturmgesele' and its unfortunate defence." Max Halbe's new play "Der Strom" had a great success at the Burgtheater in Vienna.

MR. FORBES ROBERTSON will, on his return from America, produce a new play by Miss Margaret Young, entitled "The Edge of the Storm." Miss Young is one of the writers for the stage who have, like Mr. Pinero, had some practical experience of acting. Such experience is invaluable, for one of the rocks on which the playwright who has no stage experience almost always comes to grief, is certainly ignorance of how much can be left to the art of the actor. This is more especially the case where a dramatised version of a novel is in question. A motive or a state of mind requiring pages of description in a book can be expressed by a clever actor or actress in movement or a look. The novelist dramatising his book has a difficult task in deciding what he shall leave to be conveyed to the audience orally and what visually. This was most strikingly manifest in Mrs. Humphry Ward's own version of "Eleanor," produced at the Court Theatre. There was much unnecessary talk, all clever, brilliant, supremely worth listening to, but absolutely unnecessary to the carrying on of the plot. Many things were spoken that could quite easily have been left for such artists as Miss Marion Terry and Miss Elizabeth Robins to express after their own fashion. I am not sure that the novelist is not safer in leaving the dramatisation of his book to someone experienced in providing dramatic fare. Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose "Young Lochinvar" is to be one of Mr. Lewis Waller's forthcoming productions at the Imperial Theatre, does this. By-the-bye, what has become of the play founded on the same author's intensely dramatic book, "The Red Axe"? It should make a striking play and one lending itself to spectacular effect. There are several ready-made and most exciting "curtains," and indeed the whole story should need very little re-construction to make a fine acting drama.

IN Shakespeare's day the sound of the trumpet upon Bankside announced to lovers of the playhouse that the actors were about to commence their performance. To-day publishers of a new edition of the playwright's works are wont to announce their enterprise with a flourish of the advertising trumpet, and rightly so. But Messrs. Methuen are quietly issuing what in many if not in all ways is a quite admirable edition of Shakespeare's plays. The Arden Shakespeare devotes a volume to each play, the whole being edited by Mr. W. J. Craig, and the several

volumes by such competent scholars as Professor Dowden, Mr. Herbert Arthur Evans, Mr. H. C. Hart, and Mr. Morton Luce.

A BRIEF survey of the Hamlet volume will serve to show the scheme and scope of the Arden Shakespeare and to prove its excellencies. The contents of this volume are an Introduction of nine pages, the tragedy itself, and three appendices of interest. The introduction is a model of what an introduction should be; clearly stated in the opening lines is the main object of the edition, to give a trustworthy text. To accomplish this Professor Dowden has naturally compared and collated the Quartos and Folios. Further the introduction deals fully with the Hamlet legend and its literature, with the history of Shakespeare's tragedy, with the production of the Quartos and Folios, with the duration of the action of the play, and finally with the character of Hamlet, from which portion I quote—"Hamlet is a wit inspired by melancholy"—and of his will—"it is a will which is determined to action by the flash and flame of an excitable temperament, or by those sudden impulses or inspirations, leaping forth from a subconscious self, which come almost like the revelation and the decree of Providence." It may seem that there is nothing new in the scheme of these introductions, yet there is, for they are written sanely, soundly and comprehensively, they are scholarly, they are not burdened with theories, and all this can be said of but few Shakespearean studies.

THE text of each play is accompanied by a double set of notes, the first giving all—practically all—the various readings of the Quartos and Folios, and the second elucidating the lines. These last notes err possibly in being on occasion almost too elementary, occasionally of doubtful accuracy. For examples, surely "lofty" in "lofty and shrill-sounding throat" ("Hamlet," Act I., sc. i. 151) can only be a graphic adjective for the uplifted throat of the cock and not a qualification of "sounding"; Act I., sc. iii. 74, may not "chief" simply mean "foremost" and so end the difficulty? Is it necessary to tell us that "tristful" means "sorrowful" (Act III., sc. iv. 50)? Or, turning to the latest volume, "Henry V.," Act III., sc. ii. 88, what else than "good evening" could be "God-den," does "peevish" in line 133, Act III. sc. vii. stand for "silly, thoughtless"? But on the whole these notes are admirable both in their number and their sense. The volumes already issued are "Hamlet," "Henry V.," "Othello," "The Tempest," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear" and "Cymbeline" (demy 8vo, 3s. 6d. per volume). Such an edition of Shakespeare as this is essential to every student, and more than useful to every scholar. I wish Messrs. Methuen every success in their worthy enterprise.

DESPITE—or perhaps because of—scenery and mounting almost Elizabethan in their simplicity, the German company of players at the Royalty Theatre scored another emphatic success in Fulda's "Zwillingsschwester" which they have been playing throughout the past week. About two years ago we were privileged to see a translated version of the play, by Mr. N. Parker, at the Duke of York's Theatre, quite admirably acted by Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. H. B. Irving, and decidedly well staged. But the English play was heavy and lethargic, with little of the sixteenth century Paduan environment, save the pretty frocks and the studied attitudinising. The Germans strike a very different note, and to my thinking, a truer one. They plunge head foremost into the true Boccaccio atmosphere of fairy-tale irresponsibility, and carry out the author's idea that the play is a *Lustspiel*, and none other. This, notwithstanding the fact that the play, as a play, is a thoroughly bad one, for Fulda is no more than the

cultured Pettitt of German dramaturgy. Nevertheless, Fraulein Louise Haubrich-Willig, from the Wiesbaden Theatre, was most happy as Giuditte and her twin sister Renata, and the versatile Max Behrend surpassed himself as Graf Parabosko, his acting was Coquelinesque, absolutely colossal farce, and his stage-management of the play was quite excellent. All the other characters were more than adequately filled.

that those who were present did at least show due appreciation of the good things provided—the "Carnaval Romain" had even to be repeated. But this did not affect the central fact.

Why then is it that the very best concerts given nowadays in London uniformly fail to draw decent audiences?



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. COLLEGE HALL, WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

[Photo, Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

## Musical Notes

**W**HAT has become of the concert-going public? The question grows more serious week by week. Practically speaking, London amateurs would seem to have definitely abandoned the practice of concert-going unless they can get seats for nothing—in which case they may occasionally condescend, in nautical parlance, to "show a leg." Go where you will, let the concert be of any sort and as excellent as you please, the result is invariably the same. To find a concert hall more than half or quarter full, even with an audience of the deadhead order, is nowadays the rarest experience. What the explanation may be I cannot pretend to say. But such a state of things is certainly a sad commentary upon our boasted musical progress—unless, indeed, one assumes that our amateurs have all become so learned that they like best now to study their scores at home with their feet on the fender.

SERIOUSLY how shall one account for this deplorable condition of affairs? Take, for example, that admirable Berlioz concert, with Herr Weingartner as conductor, given by Professor Kruse last week. Here you had a concert which might surely have drawn a big attendance. An attractive programme with just that spice of sensationalism thrown in which the music of France's Wagner implies, a splendid orchestra, one of the most renowned of living conductors—what more does the public want? Yet the hall was literally not one quarter full. In some twenty years of concert-going I hardly remember a more deplorable case. One felt a positive sense of shame that Weingartner should go back to Germany and report a state of things so utterly discreditable. Happily he could report as well

Probably several causes contribute to this result. London is very large. The journey from the suburbs is very tiresome. The weather is usually uninviting. The prices charged for the better seats are often absurdly high. Further—and this I fancy has as much to do with the matter as anything—public music in London seems totally lacking at the present time in what one may call social recognition. Concert-going, that is to say, enjoys no fashionable support. Lady This and Lady That give *musicales* on their own account—never more often than of late; but they do not go to concerts. More, there is no recognised body of wealthy and influential music lovers, such as you may always find in any continental centre, keenly interested in the art as amateurs and safe to patronise any good thing offered. Keen amateurs, indeed, exist in plenty. But they will not go to concerts. Is it beyond the bounds of possibility to devise some means of altering this? Why not a concert-going league, with occasional *réunions* as a feature of its programme, to make its members known to one another? At least something, I fancy, might be accomplished by some such means.

It is really becoming difficult to keep count of all the new violinists of note who have appeared within the present year, which certainly bids fair to go down in musical history as an *annus mirabilis* in this respect. A well-known musical humourist once observed that it seemed hardly possible to throw a stone without hitting one of Liszt's "favourite pupils." And the swarm of young and brilliant fiddlers before the public at the present time recalls the observation. Now on the heels of Kubelik, Kocian, Kreisler, Hegedus, Thibaud, Marie Hall, Dora Bridson, and the rest, have appeared yet two others in the

persons of Mr. Francis Macmillen and Miss Irene Penso, both of whom have not less incontestable claims to consideration.

MR. MACMILLEN is a pupil of César Thomson and Miss Penso of M. Sauret, and both are not only brilliant virtuoso players but musicians and artists to boot, so that their future careers will be followed with interest. But there is this curious difference between them, that whereas the predominating characteristic of Miss Penso's style is its masculine virility, Mr. Macmillen's playing is notable rather for the feminine grace and delicacy by which it is distinguished. One recalls, in fact, the famous instance of Grote the historian and his wife, of whom it used to be facetiously remarked that Mr. Grote was a perfect lady and Mrs. Grote a thorough gentleman. But since masculine vigour is a far less common quality in the case of violinists than feminine refinement, it will not be surprising if in the days to come the grey mare proves once again the better horse. Miss Penso, indeed, not only plays with superb dash and fire. Her readings are big and broad as her style is bold and spirited, and I for one make not the least hesitation in predicting of her very great things indeed.

WEINGARTNER has been heard now in London a good many times but never before perhaps, even at the Beethoven Festival in the summer, to greater advantage than in the Berlioz concert arranged by Professor Kruse, already referred to. More masterly performances of Berlioz's music have certainly never been listened to in this country. Alike in the "Carnaval Romain" and "Rob Roy" overtures and in the "Symphonie Fantastique" Weingartner secured results which were the more astonishing when it was borne in mind that it was a scratch orchestra which he was directing. But even more interesting than these things perhaps was the production of the master's early *scena* "Cléopâtre" against which there actually stood in the programme the legend "First time of performance." This was the famous work with which Berlioz made his third attempt for the Grand Prix de Rome in 1829, and listening to it even seventy-four years later, there was not the least difficulty in understanding Boïeldieu's remark to its disappointed author, "I must confess I could make nothing of those other world chords of yours."

TRULY Berlioz "stretched a hand through Time" when he penned this astonishingly modern and realistic death song of the dying Queen, and if one could not find very much of beauty or attractiveness in the work as music at least one could not but admire the audacity with which the thing was conceived and carried through. Perhaps the closing pages of the *scena* in which Cleopatra's last dying gasps are gruesomely portrayed, followed as these are by an even more uncanny passage apparently intended to suggest the movements of the viper which sucks her blood, are as remarkable as any in the whole work. Even to-day such ruthless realism would be censured. What wonder that the judges of 1829 refused to award any first prize at all rather than "encourage a young composer who manifested such tendencies"!

PROPERLY to appreciate the old music on the antique instruments one needs to acquire the appropriate mood, to which end the atmosphere of the every-day concert-room is hardly sympathetic. The players should wear powdered wigs, knee breeches and buckled shoes, candelabra should light their scores, and all their other surroundings should be in keeping. If all the audience could be similarly attired and the distant rumble of the twentieth century

Regent Street excluded this would be better still. For choice, too, the room should be considerably smaller than St. James's Hall, while such a thing as a modern grand piano should certainly be kept rigorously out of view on such an occasion. Nor are these suggestions wholly fantastic. In private houses they have, indeed, all been compassed before now, in which connection I recall a delightful concert of this order given not many years since at the Hampstead residence of a well-known artist. Let Messrs. Dièmer, Van Waefelghem, and Jules Papin look to it therefore and see that next time they visit us they order their *mise-en-scène* accordingly—in which event I warrant them that their success will be even greater than that which they achieved under less favourable circumstances at St. James's Hall on Saturday and Monday last.

YET another book about Chopin—that "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift" who has tempted the pens of so many biographers, and inspired, it may be added, so much supremely foolish writing. Happily the work at present referred to ("Chopin," by J. Cuthbert Hadden—J. M. Dent & Co.) has been quite well done, and brings together in an admirably readable manner all that needs to be known concerning the life of him who was styled (was it not by Liszt?) "the most poetic of musicians." Mr. Hadden properly corrects the popular conception of Chopin as a morbid consumptive who never knew joy or happiness, and generally presents an excellently discriminating picture of one of the most fascinating personalities in music.

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## Christmas Lectures.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W. PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, will deliver a Course of Six Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory) on "EXTINCT ANIMALS" (with Lantern Illustrations), commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903, at 3 o'clock; to be continued on Dec. 31; and Jan. 2, 5, 7, 9, 1904. Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course, One Guinea (Children under sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

## Art Notes

I WONDER how many readers of THE ACADEMY ever think of Photography as coming under the classification of "fine art"? I never had done so, and should have considered the vaguest suggestion of such a thing as outside the possibility of serious consideration but for "Photograms of the Year" (Dawbarn and Ward). I had just been listening to the story of an American artist, since grown famous, who received a commission to furnish an illustration for a magazine. After much thought and many studies, the picture was completed and taken to the art editor. "And how much am I to pay you?" asked the latter, gazing approvingly at the work before him. The artist named the price he hoped for. The editor was startled at the amount, but after gazing for a moment at the picture, which expressed much in very few lines, replied: "Well, it is worth while. We pay you for what you have the sense to leave out. That is why we do not use photographs."

FROM this anecdote I turned to "Photograms of the Year," and read: "The basic requirement for the lasting application of photography in a pictorial sense is the most complete subjection of the photographer to the phase of nature before him. He must devote himself to this with all his soul, until he comes to realize the millionfold phenomena of life, the marvellous part which light can play under his control. Let him realize that the photographic picture can grow only out of a man's inner consciousness." All this, and more, from the pen of Fritz Loescher, a German editor, whose article, headed "A War of the Schools," goes on to explain the "secession," or "modern" school in photography, and "how deep is the gulf which separates the 'new' from the 'old' school." Surely, I thought, this has a familiar sound, and turned back to make sure that an article on the painter's art had not by some chance crept into this charming book of photography. Not so. The writer says and means "photographic"; he illustrates his writing with photographic reproductions, and he analyses their illustrations in such terms as might be used in speaking of a Turner or a Reynolds. Other writers in the same book, and on the same subject, talk of "modelling," and discuss their "medium."

THE reproductions given leave one in a somewhat unsettled frame of mind, some few being of such a quality as to make it difficult to realise that they are productions of the lens, while others, from platinum or silver prints, are of the horrible, banal type so well known to the windows of suburban photographers—the same beautiful girl in the same sentimental pose, wearing the same sad, sweet smile, and the same overdone confection from the shop of the local dressmaker, or, worse still, the same pretentiously "simple" home-made draperies which one so often hears spoken of as "artistic."

THERE is no disputing the fact that the photographer of to-day is, in a sense, the historian of to-morrow, for it is from his records that future generations are to learn much that is interesting and instructive of the life and progress of the world. For this reason, if for no other, one must welcome every advance in the art of taking, printing and preserving photographs; but why try to class this mechanical process with the fine arts? A photographer may achieve greatness in his trade, taking wonderful pictures, selecting his subjects with discretion, or, in technical studies, become of invaluable service to science; he may send us views such as the "Photogram" shows of Ely Cathedral—charming things which acquaint the

untraveller with man's best works, and give to the traveller his most valued of souvenirs. Indeed, there is scarcely a limit to his sphere of usefulness—he is a necessity; but when he come to questions of nocturnes, symphonies and what not, getting out of his depth and aping the worker with brush and pencil, he is, it seems to me, losing dignity, and running the risk of making ridiculous an art whose place in the serious as in the lighter side of life is too assured to require the aid of either pretension or cant.

AFTER so much as regards some of the articles in "Photograms of the Year," it is only fair to say that when the terminology has been forgotten, and one takes up the photographs themselves, there is very, very much of real value. Mr. H. Snowden Ward's practical "Suggestions to Would-be Picture-Makers" should be of interest to amateurs and professionals alike, as being the advice of a sound and capable authority, and his diagrams must be a help in "composition," though even here one finds rather too much comparison between the man with the lense and the man with the brush.

THE camera has no soul, and while it may reflect the good taste and judgment of its owner, it can hardly be taken seriously as conveying to the sensitised plate any faint glimmering of the creative or poetic ideals of its owner. The only serious instance of photography in the painter's art which ever came to my knowledge was that of the great German portrait painter who is reported to have used huge, sensitised canvases to save himself the trouble of sketching in his subject, and who filled in paint over the faint outlines thus secured. Needless to say, his drawing in such cases was accurate, and being really an artist his general quality was good, but his admirers always regretted the appearance of mechanical hardness which resulted, and reserved their enthusiasms for his free creations. The camera is searching, if you please, finding hard lines and wrinkles with mechanical fidelity, but subtle it never can be, and one can only be thankful that it is so, since while there must always be very few artists who can indicate on canvas our inmost selves, the omnipotent camera, did it really lend itself to psychological analysis, must inevitably come to be the bane of our lives. Surely the talented army of workers from every civilised country in the world, who compete annually for admission to this book, might make it much more interesting and instructive by avoiding soulful allusions to poetic inspiration and keeping to the text of practical photography.

THIS is the day of Sargent—good, bad and indifferent, we have with us always Sargent. Even America recognises in his lifetime an American artist, and we are informed with unction that Boston "is at this present writing, assuming even more than her usual airs of superiority, because she has on view a collection of Sargent's latest portraits. No convocation of astronomers or metallurgists would so excite to pride." The sentence was penned in New York, and I was assured of its seriousness only by looking again to make sure that it was really in "Scribner's Magazine," and that the leading article in the same number (November) was an appreciation of the "Work of Mr. John Sargent," by Royal Cortissoz. They seem, in America, to be bent upon avoiding the fatal error made in the case of Mr. Whistler, that of waiting until most of the artist's best work has passed into other hands before making an effort to secure for his native land at least a fair collection of Mr. Sargent's pictures. Hence the centre of American culture has grown even more proud than of yore, having some mural decorations for a permanency, and a fine

portrait collection on loan of the now most talked of American artist. Yet only three years ago a Boston gentleman, of some European reputation, remarked, in my hearing, at an English dinner, that poor Mr. Sargent had made a portrait of one of the ladies of his family, but that it had really proved so bad as to be unsuited to rank with other works on his walls, and had been relegated to the attic. I wanted to ask him whether he had used the frame for something local, or had sent it also to the attic; but it seemed unkind to probe too deeply into the gentleman's understanding, so I resisted the temptation, to be rewarded at last by the information that an artist from Indiana or Illinois had filled in, in true and faithful manner, the necessary amount of oil paint to supply the vacancy caused by Mr. Sargent's failure.

ONE other failure must be recorded for Mr. Sargent—this one in England, at the New Gallery. Among the bad and indifferent Sargents, the imitation Sargents, which are the real feature of the exhibition, as showing this artist's triumph, one had a right to look to Mr. Shannon for relief of some really worthy work. He has produced it before and with it has charmed us. Why should he desert now and do things which look like old works of Fragonard and Watteau that had been stepped upon? See "The Straw Hat," No. 31. And again in "La Dame au Gant"! Had Mr. Shannon been as true as Mr. Sargent, he would never have forgotten that there is in our flesh something luminous, so that as the room darkens, and objects gradually fade, the last to go are hands and faces. This recent development of eccentricity, besides being ridiculous, is bad for Mr. Shannon, who really is, when he will be, an artist. He has no excuse for doing things which might get his work placed on a par with that of Mr. Ellis Roberts, whose portrait of Mrs. George Keppel belongs of right in the window of Fuller's sweet shop.

STILL, one should not by these things be discouraged from visiting the New Gallery, since among the sure artists represented are Orchardson, Benjamin Constant with his glorious golden browns; Albert Besnard, with his wonderful handling of blacks in the portrait of Madame Besnard, and Sir J. Everett Millais' "Marquis of Salisbury," which does not lose in dignity from its surroundings; to say nothing of Rodin's bust of the late William E. Henley and his little "Victor Hugo," both in the central hall with some work by Mr. E. Onslow Ford and Mr. John Tweed.

THEN there is that increasingly astonishing bull fighter and his family, which I managed to refer to last week as a bull "fights." Each one of the large group might be cut out of the picture and be perfect by itself. Each one is obviously sitting for his or her portrait, quite independently of the others. The old mother, with her fat, dark, beringed fingers, perfect even to the mother-o'-pearl inlay in the back of her chair, that inlay so dear to her class; the wicked-eyed daughter, and the wicked-mouthed daughter—and the others, all perfect.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received: Messrs. W. Hefter and Sons, Cambridge (*Library of the late Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart., and Reminders and Theological*); Mr. J. T. Goldie (*Shakespeare, Music, Drama and General*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*Military*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*Art and General*); Mr. Henry Sotheran, Piccadilly (*Science and Art*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Catholic and Patriotic*); Mr. Albert Sutton, Manchester (*General*).

## Fiction

(Continued from page 565)

THE DEVIL'S THRONE. By Elizabeth Whiteley. (Digby, Long. 6s.) On the title-page we find the words "And lo! I beheld a serpent-throne, and a beauteous woman." On the vellum square, over which two of the characters are poring as the story opens, was written in cabalistic letters a description of "The Devil's Throne," which was hidden behind the orb of the lambent moon. Thither they fare in the flying machine which is ready for the purpose, and before long we are in a phantasmagoria in which we distinguish at intervals Circe, Marcus Aurelius, and the two investigators. For sheer extravagance this story surpasses anything we have met with in recent fiction.

BARHAM BROCKLEBANK, M.D. By M. Betham Edwards. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.) A simple little story of conjugal incompatibility told with much delicacy and reticence. It plays in Suffolk about the time of the Reform Bill, and is quite charming in its gentle satire and quaint old-worldliness. "Mr. Brocklebank never went to church. In the first place, busy doctors are sure to be fetched out if they do; and in the second, he was admittedly heterodox, or rather what may be termed a total abstainer in theological matters." Incidentally it is interesting to learn that a "pightle" is a small enclosed meadow in Suffolk.

A MODERN MARGUERITE. By Samuel Floyd. (Digby, Long. 6s.) An elaborate romance of modern life. The prologue introduces us to a grimy back street in Bloomsbury, and to a woman with a tragic history who is shortly to come to a tragic end. Then the story moves to Lisle Place, an old mansion with its "casements," its "dull grey walls," and ivy and honeysuckle, where we meet the people with the names familiar to readers of this school of romance. The plot turns on a dark tragedy, and the action moves both to Paris and New York. A long and somewhat conventional story with a tendency to melodrama, but a good specimen of its class.

HONOR DALTON. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. (Revell. 6s.) Dr. Sewall loses at one blow of fate the woman he loves and a considerable fortune, both unfortunate speculations. "I cannot endure to be poor—not even for you," she tells him. He retires with his small means to work up a practice in a New England mill town, and forget his disappointment. Here he meets the beautiful and proud Honor Dalton, and for a time struggles between his old love for the woman who jilted him, and has since married and been left a widow, and his growing affection for Honor. The characters in this novel are delineated with great care and insight; the character of Honor, so proud of her good name and disgraced by her father, is finely conceived.

THE MAKING OF A WOMAN. By Amy Le Feuvre. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.) This story deals with the enfranchisement of an artist who, ultimately and inconsequently, develops into a missionary. It is pleasantly written, but the "making" of man or woman is a more strenuous affair than Miss Le Feuvre would have us believe.

## New Books Received

(Continued from page 565)

### MISCELLANEOUS—continued.

Bell (Julia N.), My Friends in the Fifties..... (Gulbert Pitman) net	2/6
Bain (Franciscus Gualtelmus), De Vi Physica et Imbecillitate Darwiniana..... (Parker) net	3/6
Williams, M.A., Maa.Bac. (C. F. Ably), The Story of the Organ..... (Seott) net	3/6
Chamberlain, M.P. (Rt. Hon. Joseph), Imperial Union and Tariff Reform, Speeches..... (Richards) net	1/0
Sutton, S. J. (Rev. Wm. A.), The Shakespeare Enigma..... (Sealy, Bryers) net	3/6
A-hley, M.A. (W. J.), British Industries..... (Longmans) net	6/6
Thonger (Charles), The Book of Garden Furniture..... (Lane) net	2/6
Riley (L. W.), The Founder of Mormonism, Joseph Smith, Junior..... (Heinemann) net	10/6
Weir (Harrison), Our Poultry. Part 25..... (Hutchins) net	0/7
Houseman (Laurence) and Maughan (W. Somerset), edited by, The Venture, A Manual of Art and Literature..... (Baillie)	
Carter, F.R.C.S. (Robert Bradenell), Doctors and their Work, or Medicine, Quackery, and Disease..... (Smith, Elder) net	6/0

### EDUCATIONAL

Swan (H. ward), Colloquial Spanish with Phonetic Pronunciation..... (Nutt)	
French, M.A. (J. H.) and Osborn, M.A. (G.), Graphs..... (Olive) net	0/8
Thornton (John and F. Oliver), Senior Book-keeping Examiner, 1903..... (Macmillan) net	1/0
Findlay, M.A., Ph.D. (J. J.), The Training of Teachers (Sherratt and Hughes) net	1/6
Tate, M.A. (A. J.), The Alcestis of Euripides..... (Blackie) net	2/0
Wakefield (H. Rowland), Experimental Hygiene..... " "	2/6
Morgan (R. B.), Exercises in Theoretical and Practical Geometry..... " "	1/0
Perman, M.A. (A. J.), edited by, English Passages for French Prose..... " "	1/6
Aytoun (W. E.), edited by, Edinburgh After Fiodlen..... " "	0/2

## ART

Great Masters. Part III. With Introduction and Text by Sir Martin Conway (Heinemann) net 5/0

## FICTION

"Cristina," by Emily Underdown (Norley Chester) (Fonnenschein), 6/0; "Denis Dent," by E. W. Hornung (Isbister), 6/0; "The Queen Can Do No Wrong," by Herbert Compton (Chatto and Windus), 6/0; "My Poor Relations," by Maarten Maartens (Constable), 6/0; "The Log of a Cowboy," by Andy Adams (Constable), 6/0; "The Bondage of Ballinger," by Roswell Field (Revel), net 3/6; "The Golden Chain," by Gwendolen Overton (Macmillan), net 2/0; "On the We-A Trail: A Story of the Great Wilderness," by Caroline Brown (Macmillan), 6/0; "Holt of Heathfield," by Caroline Atwater Mason (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Young Gerande," by Edmund White (Blackwood), 6/0; "The Prisoner of the Gurkhas," by P. F. Gibbon (Routledge), 3/6; "An Old London Nosegay," by Beatrice Marshall (Seeley), 5/0; "Beauty in Distress," by Gertrude Warden (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Dr. Glennie's Daughter," by B. L. Farjeon (Digby, Long), 3/6; "High Treason," by Allen Upward (Primrose Press), net 0/6; "Two Artillerymen, or Light in Darkness," by E. C. Rundle Woolcock (R.T.S.), 2/0.

## JUVENILE

"Strangers in the Land," by Ethel F. Heddle (Blackie), 6/0; "The Japanese Fairy Book," compiled by Yei Theodora Ozaki (Constable), net 6/0; "Children of the Arctic," by the Snow Baby and her Mother (Isbister); "The Dawn of Day" (S.P.O.K.), 1/0; "The Animals' Academy," by Harry B. Nelson and Clifton Bingham (Blackie), 3/6; "Pickaback Songs," by Myrtle Reed, Eva C. Hart and Ike Morgan (Putnam's Sons); "Sibyl; or Old School Friends," by May Baldwin (Chambers), 3/6; "Brains and Bravery," by G. A. Henty, Guy Boothby, &c. (Chambers), 5/0; "The Daughters of a Genius," by Mrs. G. de Horne Valsey (Chambers), 3/6; "A Gay Charmer," by Mrs. L. T. Meade (Chambers), 5/0; "The Rising Generation," by Constance E. Mand (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "One Hundred Bible Stories," by Robert Bird (Nelson), 5/0; "The Little Brown L'net," by Sheila E. Brause (Nelson), 1/0; "Jake," by Adela Frances Mount (Nelson), 1/6; "Dorothy's Difficulties" (Nelson), 1/6; "The Crimson Ducks," by Lady Katherine Morgan (At the Unicorn), net 2/6; "One Thousand Poems for Children," edited by Roger Ingpen (Hutchinson), 5/0; "Fifty-two Stories of School Life and After for Boys," "Fifty-two Stories of School Life, and After for Girls," and "Fifty-two Stories of Animal Life and Adventure," by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson), each 5/0; "Children of Kings," by W. Lorrain O'Byrne (Blackie), 2/6.

## NEW EDITIONS

"Gulliver's Travels" illustrated, by Jonathan Swift (Cassell), 7/6; "Mrs. Browning's Works," in 5 vols. pocket edition (Smith, Elder), cloth, each net 2/6, leather, each net 3/0; "Fireside Saints," by Douglas Jerrold, with introduction by Walter Jerrold, illustrated by C. Robinson (Blackie), 1/6; "Buddhism," by T. W. Rhys Davids, Ph.D. (S.P.O.K.), 2/6; "One Religion: Many Creeds," by Rose Winans, with introduction by Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A. (Putnam's Sons), 6/0; "The Story of Kenneth," by Bayard Taylor (Putnam's Sons), 6/0; "Fighting the Matabele," by J. Chalmers (Blackie), 2/0; "Two Thousand Years Ago," by Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. (Blackie), 3/6; "The Future of Phyllis," by Adeline Sergeant (Long), 0/6; "The Juggler and the Soul," by Helen Mathers (Long), 0/6; "For the Temple," by G. A. Henty (Blackie), 3/6; "The Handsome Bransons," by Katharine Tynan (Blackie), 3/6; "By England's Aid," by G. A. Henty (Blackie), 3/6; "The Dance of Life: A Poem by the Author of 'Dr. Syntax' (Methuen), net 3/6; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," Little Folks edition, by Lewis Carroll (Macmillan), each net 1/6; "The Works of Charles Lamb": Essays and Sketches (Dent), net 3/6; "On Liberty," by John Stuart Mill, with Biographical Sketch (Watts), 0/6; "Little Quarto Shakespeare," 7 vols., edited by W. J. Craig (Methuen), each 1/0; "The Book of Ballads," edited by Bon Gaultier (Blackwood), net 5/0; "Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth," selected and edited by Clement K. Shorter (Gibbings), net 1/6; "The Book of Noodles," by W. A. Clouson (Stock), net 1/6; "Place-Names of Scotland," by J. B. Johnston, B.D. (Douglas), 6/0; "John Addington Symonds," A Biography, by Horatio F. Brown (Smith, Elder), 7/6; "Friendship's Garland," "Last Essays on Church and Religion," and "Mixed Essays," by Matthew Arnold (Smith, Elder), popular edition, each 2/6; "A Short History of the English People," Part 36, by J. R. Green (Macmillan), net 0/6; "A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus," "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," "Stark-Munro Letters and Round the Red Lamp," "Tragedy of the Korosco," and "The Green Flag," by A. Conan Doyle (Author's Edition) (Smith, Elder); "The House of the Seven Gables," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Lane), net 3/6; "On Liberty," by John Stuart Mill, by Sir Walter Scott (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Rembrandt, his Life and his Time," by Emile Michel (Heinemann), net 2/0; "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," Vol. I., (Murray), net 10/6; "Essays," by Thomas de Quincey (Blackie); "The Christian Year," by John Keble (Blackie); "The War of the Axe," by J. Percy Groves (Blackie), 3/6; "Things will take a Turn," by Beatrice Harraden (Blackie), 0/6; "With the Sea Kings," by F. H. Winder (Blackie), 2/6; "Marger, Merton's Girlhood," by Alice Corkran (Blackie), 2/6; "Wreck of the Golden Fleece," by Robert Leighton (Blackie), 3/0; "A Mystery of the Pacific," by Oliphant Smeaton (Blackie), 3/0; "In the King's Name," by G. Manville Penn (Blackie), 3/6.

## PERIODICALS

"American Historical Review," "The Oxford Point of View," "Car Magazine," "Pearson's Xmas Extra," "University Record of the University of Chicago," "Books and Book-plates," "Girl's Realm," "Pears' Annual," "T.P.'s Xmas Number," "Britannia," "Smart Set," "North American Review," "Animal Life."

## Foreign

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Pneux (René), La Grille du Jardin.....(Plon-Nourrit, Paris)  
Cutharina Regina von Greiffenberg (1603-1694). Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte deutschen Lebens und Dichtens im 17. Jahrhundert. Von H. Hermann. 2/0  
Unde-Bernays.....(Berlin: Fleischel & Co.)

## PERIODICAL

La Bibliofilia.

## FICTION

Novellen des Lyrikers. Von Hugo Salus.....(Berlin: Fleischel & Co.) 2/0

## MISCELLANEOUS

Encyclopedie van Nederlandech-Indië—Tajan-Three: Afl. 35  
(Martinius Nijhoff: E. J. Brill, Leiden)

## Correspondence

## Empty Concert Halls

SIR,—Your musical critic wonders why concerts of good music are nowadays so meagrely attended. The answer is simple: We are not a musical race; the public does not run after good music, but after great names. A famous singer, violinist or pianist, can command a large following, no matter what music he or she perform; good music excellently played by those whose names are not household and newspaper words goes unheard. It is simply a question of fashion and fad.—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE FEW WHO LOVE MUSIC.

## The Collected Poems of Lord de Tabley

SIR,—If your contributor "Bookworm" had made himself better acquainted with the work of Lord de Tabley, he would not, I feel sure, have made the quite unjustified strictures on the recent collected poems of that author. He complains that "The contents appear to have been thrown together anyhow." I am prepared to allow that the chronological order has not been strictly adhered to, but the contents have certainly not been thrown together anyhow. The poems are grouped according to date of publication, and follow each other in the order: "Praeterita," 1863; "Studies in Verse," 1865; "Searching the Net," 1873; "Eclogues and Monodramas," 1864; "Rehearsals," 1870; "Philoctetes," 1866; "Orestes," 1867; "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic," 1893 and 1895; "Orpheus in Thrace," 1901, unpublished poems. Your contributor must know that these various collections are not mutually exclusive, and that Lord de Tabley continually returned to a poem and retouched it, publishing it again in its improved form. The 1893 volume especially contains many poems in their final version, and a certain number simply reprinted from earlier volumes. It is to be regretted, I think, that a number of these reprints without alteration have been allowed in the Collected Poems to stand among the 1893 poems instead of being grouped where they really belong, either in 1863, 1870, or 1873 as the case may be. But this is a matter of judgment, since the poems became known in their 1893 grouping, and are therefore perhaps deliberately left to form part of the almost complete reprint of that volume here. I do not think this justifiable criticism is sufficient to warrant your contributor's remarks, which seem to me unjust to what is on the whole an excellent edition. The inclusion of "Philoctetes" and "Orestes" naturally raised some considerations, since the poet had republished, in the same or slightly altered versions, several of the choruses of these plays in his volumes of 1870 and 1873. In the collected poems one of these choruses has been given in the 1870 version ("Ode to Pan"), although somewhat improved in 1893, and one ("Zeus") has been given among the poems of 1893, where it was reprinted in a somewhat altered version. The remainder have been omitted in their separate form, and, I think, wisely. It may perhaps be regretted that one poem appears in three versions—1863, 1873, and 1893—and one in two versions—1863 (among the poems of 1893 where it was reprinted) and 1873. The versions in these cases are, however, sufficiently different to justify the decision of the editor of the Collected Poems. Four of the 1863 sonnets were republished in what seem to me to be better forms in 1870 or 1893, but are here given in the earlier version. These criticisms, however, which your bibliographical contributor might justly have made, do not in any sense palliate the injustice of his actual assertions. Finally, his very facts, given with such air of authority, are incorrect. He omits all mention of the 1863 volume, "Praeterita," and his figures are wrong. The correct statistics are these: In the case of "Praeterita," 8 pieces are rejected; in the case of "Eclogues and Monodramas," 7 (not 8); in the case of "Studies in Verse," 2 (not 5); in the case of "Rehearsals," 7 (not 14); in the case of "Searching the Net," 3 (not 6), as may readily be seen by any one who will take the trouble to compare the various volumes. Of the remaining poems many are given in this volume under the final and much altered and improved form in the proper chronological grouping.

I trust, Sir, that I have given sufficient data for my criticism of your contributor's notice of this volume to excuse the appropriation of so much of your valuable space.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

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## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

### Questions

#### LITERATURE

"WHEN WE BID ON THE BYFLEET'S KEEL."—Can any of your readers tell me the meaning of this phrase in Kipling's "May Gloster"?—*A. L.*

"JUMP TO GLORY JANE."—Can anyone tell me where particulars of the prototype of "Jump to Glory Jane" may be found? Having examined Brewer, Webster, Haydn, and such works of reference in vain, I begin to wonder whether there ever were such a light-heeled lady.—*Luke*.

"ECCE HOMO."—Did the late Sir John Seeley ever acknowledge the authorship?—*Hornunculus*.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.—

Where is the original of "Plus je connais les hommes, plus j'aime les chiens"? Montesquieu has been named as the author, but I have not found it in his writings.—*K. M.*

My friend, where thou art put in trust,  
be true in words and deeds;  
In a little falsehood is great shame;  
in truth there is much meede.—*Q.*

#### GENERAL

ROCKING-CHAIRS.—When were these abominations first introduced?—*A. P. G. (N. Z.)*

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.—Could anyone kindly inform me if Grimm's Fairy Tales are copyright, in the original German or in translation?—*E. R.*

"KNIGHTS OF NOVA SCOTIA."—Where are full details, names, dates, &c., to be found?—*G. B.*

#### DRAMATIC

MARLOWE.—I know that the materials for a life of Kit are scanty; have they—such as they are—been collected together anywhere? If so, where? When?—*Canterbury*.

### Answers

#### LITERATURE

"THE TWA CORBIES."—Probably more information than I can give is desired, but at least the ballad may be found in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury."—*C. S. Oakley*.

"LYCIDIAS."—I am obliged by the competent intervention of "S. C." After reading the two passages side by side, I think "complete rendering" of S. John, x., 1-15, is too strongly put. Whatever Milton was thinking about in "huge two-handed away," I expect he was thinking about in "two-handed engine." Therefore I should have been glad of exact reference. In thanking F. S. Hollings, I would say that the bicameral Parliament, of course, supplies a point in common, but I cannot see that it explains it. I hope the Editor will permit a further reference, and that there will be another intervener, for I wrote to be informed, and there is an opportunity to clear up a point which is above the trivial.—*C. S. Oakley*.

QUOTATIONS FOUND.—

"THIS LUCID INTERSPACE," &c.—This is, of course, Tennyson's. I am ashamed to say I cannot particularise. "Lucid" has been cruelly turned into "lucid."—*C. S. Oakley*.

"PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."—I think this is a quotation from one of Mackworth Praed's poems: I am uncertain, and if I am wrong the Editor will suppress me.—*C. S. Oakley*. [The Editor takes no responsibility.]

#### GENERAL

"HUMBUG."—The hum-bug is the bug that hums, without carrying out its promises with honey or its threats with stings; in short, the *humble-bee*. For this I have no authority, but observe: there is a sweetmeat, a large peppermint cushion, called a *humbug*. Why? Because to the excited imagination of the peppermint-eater its brown stripes recall the humble-bee.—*W. B. L.*

"SIR JULIUS CESAR."—He is stated to have been the son of Caesar Dalmarius of the city of Trevigio, in Italy, Doctor of Physic and Physician to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, son of Peter Maria Dalmarius of Trevigio, but descended from those of his name living at Frejul, or Cividad del Friuli, on the confines of Italy. Sir Julius Caesar was buried in the chancel of Great St. Helen's Church in Bishopsgate street, in 1656, near the grave of his father, who was buried there in 1583. Anthony Wood gives the above particulars among a few others, but nothing further relating to his ancestry.—*K. M.*

"TO LEAVE IN THE LURCH."—To leave a person in a difficulty. In cribbage a person is left in the lurch when his adversary has run out his score of 61 holes before he himself has turned the corner, or pegged his 31st hole.—*McLean Dobrée*.

TO GIVE ONE A "SNECK POSSET" is to slam the door in his face. The "sneck" or "snick" is the latch of a door. Mrs. Browning speaks of nicking the door. "The lady closed That door, and nicked the lock."—*Aurora Leigh*.—*McLean Dobrée*.

